

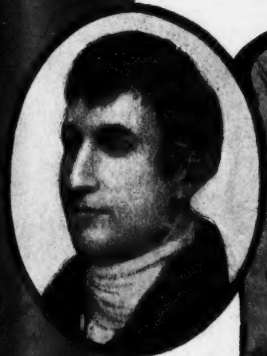
VOL. 22

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NO. 5

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by *Joe Mitchell Chapple*



BOSTON • *AUGUST* • 1905  
The CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO. Ltd.

# PEARS'

## THE FAMILY SOAP

AFTER  
THE  
BATH



Any baby will  
be happy after  
a bath with Pears'  
Soap. It is because Pears'  
is a healing balm to all scalds and chafing  
which make baby uncomfortable and peevish.

By the continued use of Pears' Soap the tender skin  
of the infant becomes as smooth and soft as velvet and  
aglow with health and beauty.

The reason is that Pears' Soap is pure. It contains  
no poisonous or irritating ingredients. It would be  
impossible for Pears' Soap to be other than healthful.

Of all Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the best.

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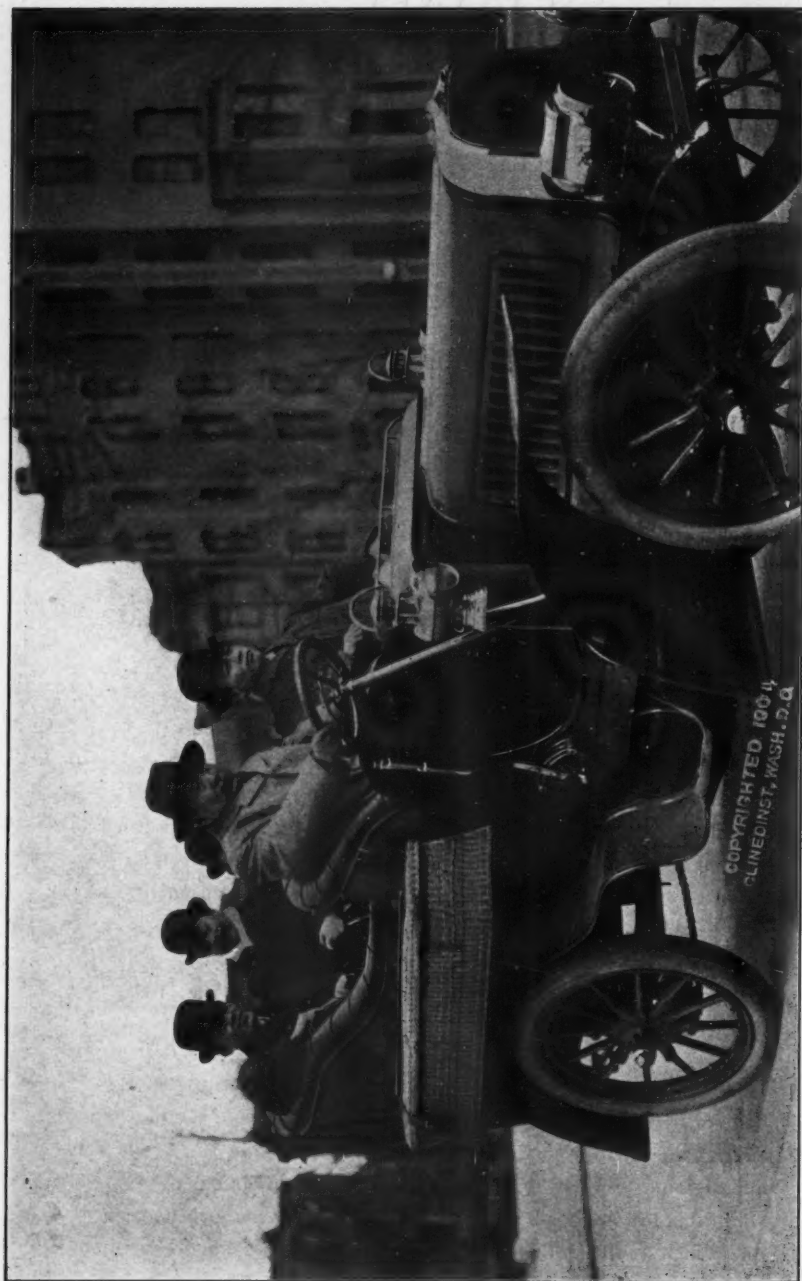
## SACÁGAWEA

(The Indian girl who guided Lewis and Clark in their expedition to the Pacific)

By Edna Dean Proctor

**S**HOSHONE SACÁGAWEA — captive and wife was she  
On the grassy plains of Dakota in the land of the Minnetaree;  
But she heard the west wind calling and longed to follow the sun  
Back to the shining mountains and the glens where her life begun.  
So, when the valiant Captains, fain for the Asian sea,  
Stayed their marvelous journey in the land of the Minnetaree,  
(The Red men wondering, wary — Omaha, Mandan, Sioux —  
Friendly now, now hostile, as they toiled the wilderness through)  
Glad she turned from the grassy plains and led their way to the West,  
Her course as true as the swan's that flew north to its reedy nest;  
Her eye as keen as the eagle's when the young lambs feed below;  
Her ear alert as the stag's at morn guarding the fawn and doe.  
Straight was she as a hill side fir, lithe as the willow tree,  
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the hunter rides the lea,  
In broidered tunic and moccasins, with braided raven hair,  
And closely belted buffalo robe with her baby nestling there —  
Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of the quest,  
Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on her heart imprest,  
Shoshone Sacágawea led the way to the West!—  
To Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,  
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar and wolf prowled near;  
To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily and rose abloom;  
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's hush and gloom;  
By the veins of gold and silver, and the mountains vast and grim —  
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's rim;  
Through somber pass, by soaring peak, till the Asian wind blew free,  
And lol the roar of the Oregon and the splendor of the sea!

Some day, in the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide —  
Afoam for the far Atlantic, afoam for Pacific's tide —  
There, by the valiant Captains whose glory will never dim  
While the sun goes down to the Asian sea and the stars in ether swim,  
She will stand in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish cheek,  
With broidered robe and braided hair and lips just curved to speak;  
And the mountain winds will murmur as they linger along the crest,  
"Shoshone Sacágawea, who led the way to the West!"



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MR. KOGORO TAKAHIRA, MINISTER OF JAPAN, AND THE ATTACHES OF THE LEGATION, PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE NATIONAL



# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII.

AUGUST, 1905

No. 5



## Affairs at Washington

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

THE elements of the ablest statesmanship in our country and our time are common sense, common honesty, plain courage and the democratic spirit — in the broad sense of that word democratic. Not within the memory of our generation have we had a president who possessed more of these qualities, or made freer use of them, than Theodore Roosevelt. As commander in chief of army and

navy, he put an end to unseemly quarrels in both organizations with brief statements so forceful and so fair that even the angry factions of the general public were convinced — and silenced. He knew the quality of General Leonard Wood, knew also the work to be done in the Philippines, and knew that Wood was the man for the job. Neither red tape nor political pull served to balk



STATUES OF LEWIS AND CLARK, THE PIONEERS OF THE OREGON COUNTRY,  
ERECTED AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION IN PORTLAND, OREGON



VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS AND SPEAKER CANNON ADDRESSING THE MULTITUDE  
ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION  
AT PORTLAND, JUNE 1

Wood's selection for that post, which he now fills with highest credit to himself and his country. It was Theodore Roosevelt who held us to our duty in the matter of making a reciprocity treaty with Cuba; the agents of certain special interests fought it, but the vast majority of the American people were with him. The settlement of the coal strike, his refusal to "close the door of hope" against negro citizens, and other like instances might be cited. The latest on the list, as this is written—(though it may not be the latest when this magazine is in your hands)—is the case of Paul Morton, late secretary of the navy, now the chairman of the board of directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York.

A good many well intentioned but impatient people have been saying the president ought to "prosecute Paul Morton for giving rate rebates while Mr. Morton was an executive officer of the Sante Fe Railroad." The president's answer to this criticism is extraordinarily interesting: first, as exculpating Mr. Morton; second, as giving us the measure of the younger man, and a good idea of what may be expected from him in the big task he has now undertaken; third, as warning insurance managers all along the line that the time has come for a new deal and a square deal, with higher ideals of service than have hitherto obtained among many of these societies; and fourth, as proving that

the president has not given up his purpose to urge federal supervision of insurance corporations doing interstate business. The letter in full is given herewith:

"White House,

Washington, June 12, 1905.

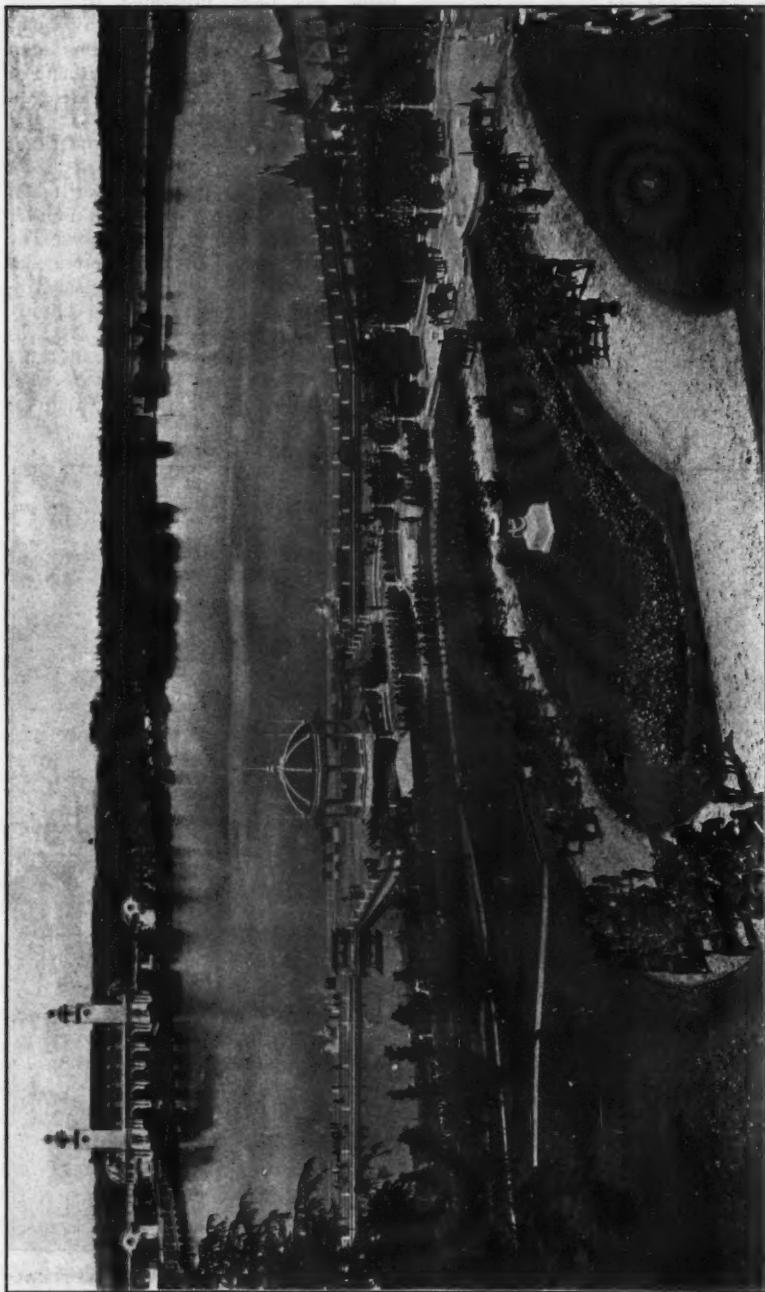
"My Dear Mr. Morton: I have received your letter of the 5th instant in reference to your own action concerning the rebates which the Interstate Commerce Commission have found to have been granted by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad to the Colorado Fuel Company at the time you were the vice president of the railroad. Not a shred of testimony, so far as I

know, has been presented from any source, whether by the interstate commerce commission or by the special counsel employed by the department of justice, which personally implicates you in granting these rebates.

"In your letter you show not only that you were ignorant of the existence of such rebates, but that you had taken every possible step to see that neither in this case nor in any other were any rebates granted, and you quote documents which show that your subordinates were repeatedly and explicitly warned to obey the law as regards these rebates, as well as in all other respects. With that showing on your part, and in view of the fact that, as



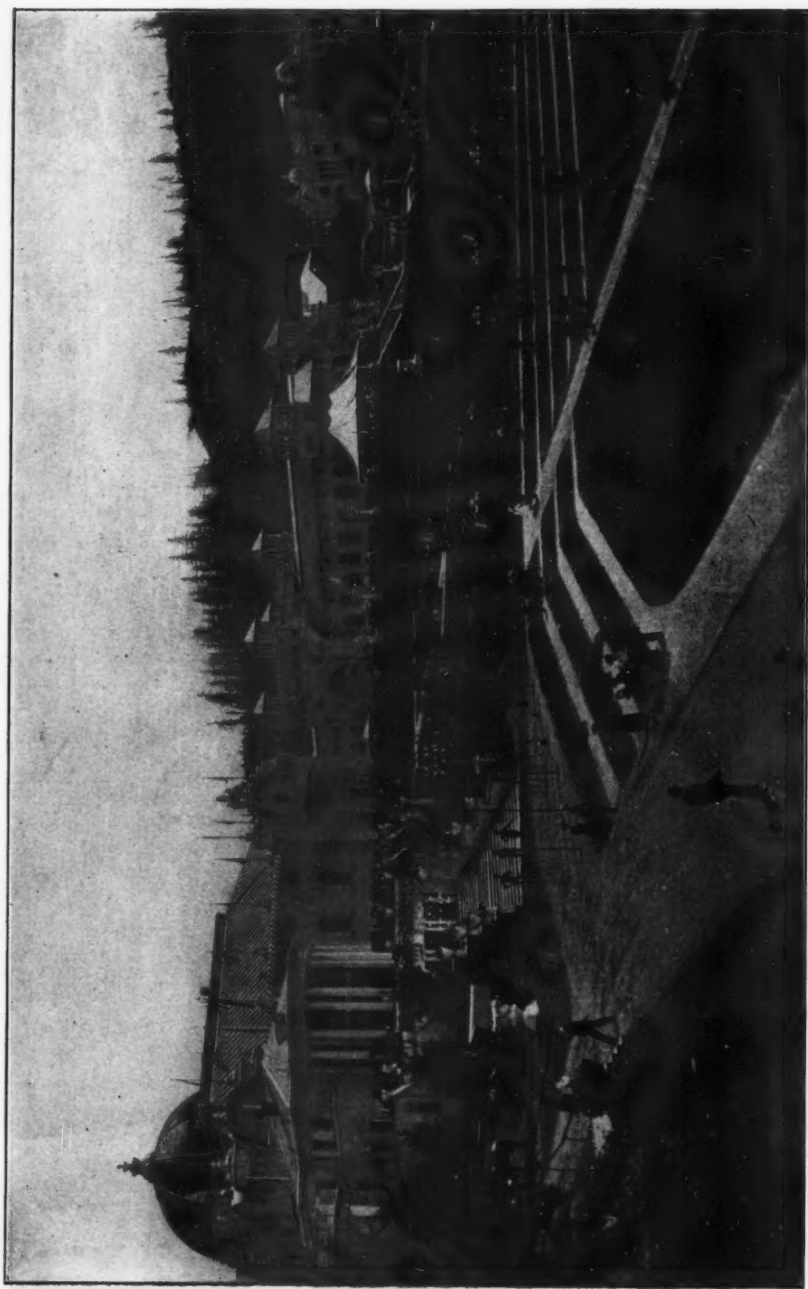
"HITTING THE TRAIL," REMINGTON'S COWBOY GROUP, THE SCULPTURAL MASTERPIECE OF THE PORTLAND FAIR



A GLIMPSE OF THE GROUNDS OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION ON THE OPENING DAY, THE UNITED STATES BUILDING ACROSS THE LAKE; TROOPS IN THE FOREGROUND AWAITING THE CLOSE OF THE CEREMONIES



A HAPPY SNAPSHOT ON THE RUSTIC STAIRWAY, FORESTRY BUILDING, PORTLAND



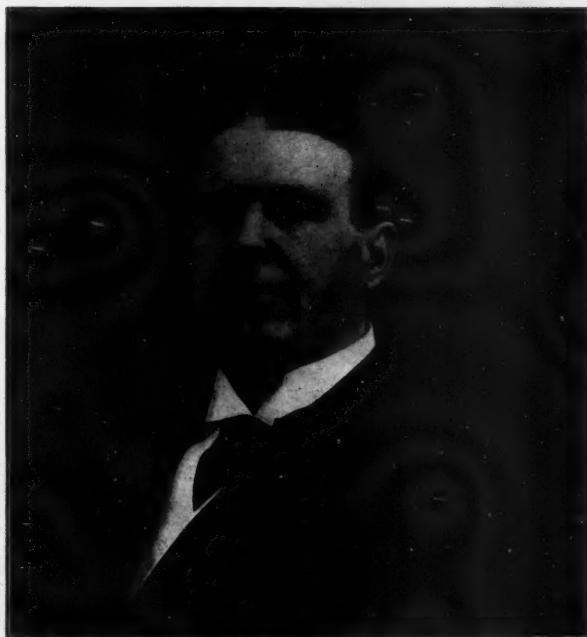
LAKE VIEW TERRACE, LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION, ON THE OPENING DAY, THE NEW YORK BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND,  
THE PINE CLAD HILLS IN THE BACKGROUND



I have said, not a shred of testimony has been produced against you from any source whatever, I do not think that you need pay any further heed to the accusations that have been made against you.

"I do not myself need any corroboration of any statement you make; but if I did need it, it would be furnished by the boldness and frankness with which over three years ago, and before any of the proceedings with which we are now

mitted privately that he paid no heed whatever to it, and the interstate commerce commission has shown itself absolutely powerless to secure this heed. When I took up the matter and endeavored to enforce obedience to the law on the part of the railroads in the question of rebates I encountered violent opposition from the great bulk of the railroad men and a refusal by all of those to whom I spoke to testify in public to the



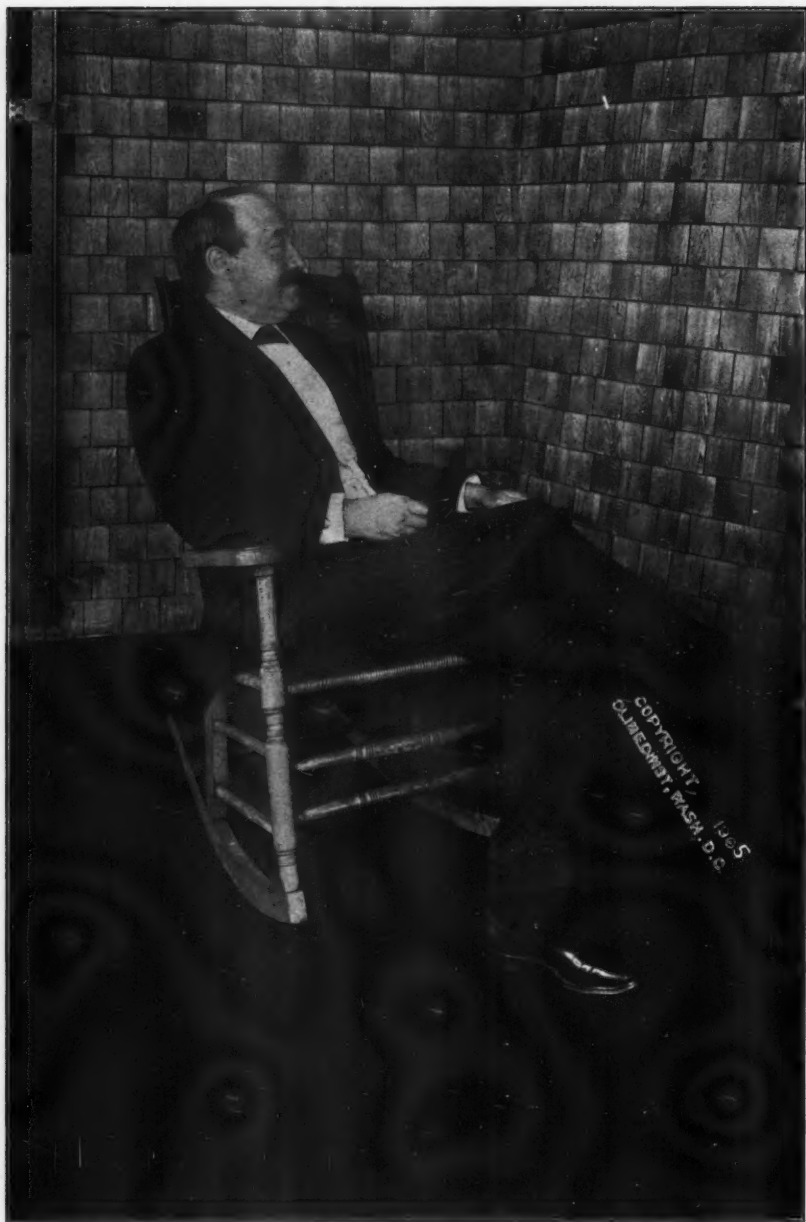
PRESIDENT AND DIRECTOR GENERAL GOODE, HEAD OF THE  
LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION

dealing took place, you testified to the entire truth in connection with the taking of rebates from the railroads; and it is deeply discreditable that this testimony should not only now be quoted against you, but with shameless perversion of the truth should be quoted as having been given by you in this case.

"At the time when you gave this testimony the interstate commerce law in the matter of rebates was practically a dead letter. Every railroad man ad-

very state of affairs which they freely admitted to me in private.

"You alone stated that you would do all in your power to break up this system of giving rebates; that you strongly objected to it; but that as long as the law was a dead letter the railroads which preferred to obey it were forced to disobey it if they were to continue in business at all, under the competition of their less scrupulous fellows. I agreed with you cordially that the only



CHARLES JEROME BONAPARTE OF MARYLAND, WHO SUCCEEDS PAUL MORTON OF NEBRASKA AS SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FOR THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE AT MR. BONAPARTE'S COUNTRY HOME.

way in which it would be possible to secure the enforcement of the law would be by making it effective against all railroads alike, as, if some were allowed to violate it, it necessarily meant that the others in self protection would be

sion had previously been unable legally to establish.

"It was primarily due to this testimony of yours that we were able to put so nearly effective a stop to the system of rebates as it then existed. You



MRS. CHARLES JEROME BONAPARTE, THE WIFE OF THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

driven to violate it also; and I cannot too heartily commend the fearless and frank way in which you (and you alone) came forward and in the interest of the government and the public gave legal evidence of the facts which everyone in interest privately admitted to exist, but which the interstate commerce commis-

rendered a great public service by your testimony. You enabled the government to accomplish in the interest of the public what it would not otherwise have accomplished, and you showed yourself to be, more than any other railroad man with whom I came in contact, zealous in your endeavor to see that the



SENATOR KNOX OF PENNSYLVANIA GETS HIS EYE ON THE BALL — BUT IT'S A GOLF BALL

law should no longer remain a dead letter, but that all the railroads alike should be required to obey it. Your manliness and frankness in this matter attracted my particular attention. It showed you to be, in my judgment, a man whose word could be trusted absolutely and whose decision to do full justice and to have it done could likewise be trusted.

"When a vacancy occurred in the navy department I made up my mind that I wished you in my cabinet—where, permit me to reiterate, you have shown yourself to be one of the most faithful and devoted public servants

with whom it has ever been my good fortune to be connected. You came in at my urgent request and in spite of your natural reluctance to accept the very heavy financial loss in which taking the position of secretary of the navy necessarily involved you. I certainly would not shield you because you are in my cabinet; but equally certainly I shall not sanction an attack upon you which I would not dream of sanctioning if you had not become a member of my cabinet.

"Since I accepted your resignation as a member of my cabinet you have undertaken perhaps the greatest and



MISS MARION OLIVER, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL OLIVER,  
PLAYING GOLF AT CHEVY CHASE

most important work now open to any business man in assuming control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. You do not need to be told again the confidence I have in you and my belief in your absolute sincerity of purpose and your unflinching courage. I know that the mere fact that you have consented thus to take control of the society means that there will be a genuine attempt to make a new, clean management, a control really and honestly in the interests of the policy holders, and one which will make impossible the crooked and objectionable practises that have hitherto prevailed in the society.

"Ex-President Cleveland, in consenting to act as one of the three trustees to hold the stock of the society and to use the voting power of such stock in the selection of directors concludes his letter by saying: 'We shall be safer if we regain our old habit of looking at the appropriation to personal uses of property and interests held in trust in the same light as other forms of stealing.' In other words, you and Mr. Cleveland intend to see that the affairs of the society are managed not merely with the honesty requisite in order to keep clear of criminal proceedings, but with the fine sense of honor which recog-

nizes in the trustee—and that is what the man responsible for the management of any great business corporation is nowadays—the duty of managing his business affairs with a high sense of obligation not only to the stock holders and the policy holders but to the general public.

"Mr. Cleveland has especially stipulated that he is to be absolutely free and undisturbed in the exercise of his judgment; you have especially stipulated that you are to be absolutely free and undisturbed in the exercise of your judgment. I have faith not only in your will to do right but in the judgment which will enable you to do right. As I understand it, the majority of the stock is to be put in the hands of a board of trustees, of which Mr. Cleveland has accepted the chairmanship, and they will have absolute control, subject, as to the majority of the directors, to the policy holders' instructions, and subject, as to the minority directors, to exercising their own judgment without control.

"Your policy will be, I know, to give the policy holders a square deal and to clean house thoroughly. You would not

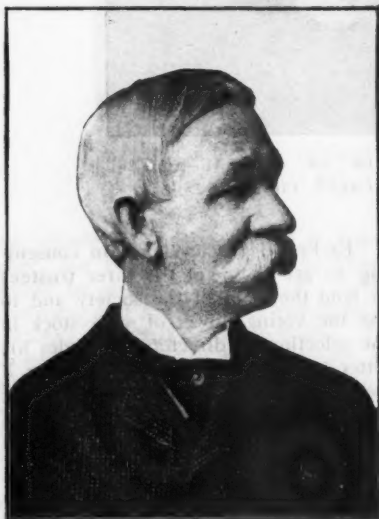
take such a position if you did not have a perfectly free hand and if you were not unhampered by commitments to anybody.

"I do not congratulate you upon entering upon this work, for I do not wish to congratulate any man when he puts his harness on, but rather to wait until he takes it off. But I do wish to express to you not only my belief in you and in your success but my strong feeling that you have undertaken one of the most important public duties that can befall any man just at present.

"The scandal which has been so deplorable for the Equitable Life Assurance Society has also had effects far beyond the society itself. Not only is it lamentable to think of the condition of hundreds of thousands of poor people all over the country who have found their confidence shaken in the provision which they have made for their families and for their old age by putting the savings of years in this society, but the loss of confidence thereby created affects the whole insurance business of the country and weakens that great tendency for the promotion of thrift and providence.

"Your success in your new position will mean not only a great achievement for you but a great achievement for the American public. In business conditions as they are today the head of one of these great insurance societies should be regarded as just as emphatically a public servant as if he were occupying any office through the direct vote of the people. He should be held to the same strict accountability if he goes wrong; and he is entitled to the same meed of praise if by doing his duty fearlessly, honestly and intelligently he increases the stability of the business world, raises its moral tone and puts a premium upon those habits of thrift and saving which are so essential to the welfare of the people as a body.

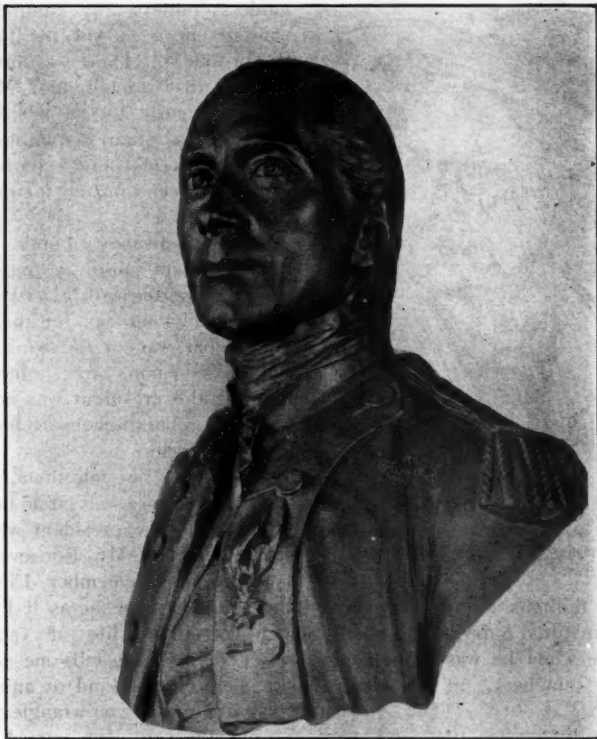
"Incidentally it seems to me that what has occurred furnishes another argument for effective supervision by the national government, if such supervision can be obtained, over all these great insurance corporations which do an interstate business.



REAR ADMIRAL ENDICOTT, WHO REPRESENTS THE NAVY IN THE PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION

Photograph by Clinedinst





A PORTRAIT BUST OF JOHN PAUL JONES, OUR FIRST ADMIRAL,  
WHOSE DUST WAS LATELY BROUGHT FROM PARIS IN  
THE CRUISER BROOKLYN AND LAID TO REST AT  
ANNAPOLIS, THE SEAT OF THE UNITED  
STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

"With earnest good wishes,

"Faithfully yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"Hon. Paul Morton, Chairman Board  
of Directors Equitable Life Assurance  
Society, New York, N. Y."

**MR. BALLARD DUNN** of the editorial staff of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, places us under obligation for the following brief inner glimpse of the president's recent bear hunt in Colorado. Mr. Dunn had a long talk with "Jake" Borah, the president's guide, and not the least interesting fruit of

that interview is the pencil sketch of Mr. Borah by Gertrude Buell Dunn. This is Mr. Dunn's account of the hunt:

"Boys, I'm no dude. Don't forget that, and I want you to overlook the fact that I am the president. Out here I am just plain Mr. Roosevelt, who is looking for a good time in the hills."

It was in this way that Jake Borah, one of the president's guides into the big game country of Colorado, quoted the nation's chief executive after the hunt had become history.

Possessing all the dignity and probity required of his high office, Mr. Roosevelt, who has become plain "Teddy" on



**"JAKE" BORAH, THE PRESIDENT'S GUIDE**

From a pencil sketch made for the National at Colorado Springs by Gertrude Buell Dunn

the lips of millions of his fellow citizens, is as unstilted today and as wholly democratic as when he was himself one of the "cow punchers" on the western prairies.

For some time after the camp had been pitched in the mountains, the

guides, hunters and camp attendants showed uneasiness in the presence of the president. There was formality and stiffness that reacted upon Mr. Roosevelt. He saw it and at once determined to relieve a situation that he realized would prevent any familiar intercourse between him and the men around him.

"Call up the boys, Borah; I want to talk with them a minute," he said. The "boys" reported with alacrity, but they were visibly nervous for they did not know what was in the wind, and the sudden summons was interpreted as meaning the president was not pleased with the preparations made for his comfort and pleasure.

"Now boys," he told them, when they had gathered in a half circle before him, "forget it is the president who is with you. I'm plain Mr. Roosevelt out for a good time. Remember, I'm no dude, and you must treat me as if I had lived with you all my life; if you don't I won't stay. Borah tells me you are all wranglers of one kind or another, and I'm going to call you wranglers."

Thus the president carried with him into the mountains the same openness



THE COURIER OF THE PRESIDENTIAL HUNTING PARTY ON THE TRAIL



WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENT TO COME INTO THE PLUNGE AT GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO



MOUNT SOPRIO FROM THE PRESIDENT'S COLORADO HUNTING CAMP: COLORADO MAY TAKE STEPS TO HAVE IT NAMED MOUNT ROOSEVELT

and lack of formality that has made him one of the people wherever he has gone and in whatever he has done.

After the close of the hunt the president had all the cowboys with him at a farewell dinner in the big dining room at the Hotel Colorado in Glenwood Springs, where Secretary Loeb had his headquarters during the three weeks of the hunt.

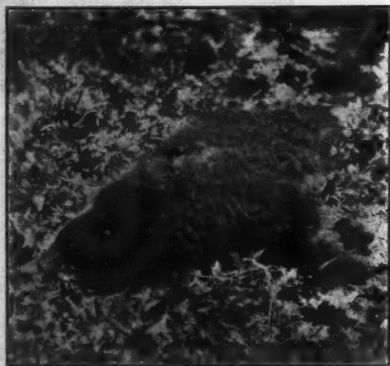
"You can call me a dude now," he said, when they were all gathered around him at the table. "I've got on my dude clothes.

"I've had the best time of my life, boys," he continued, "you don't know how good it feels just to be an ordinary man for three weeks; not to have those secret service men with me; to know that I can ride the hills without being followed and watched all the time."

During that hunt the president had the most faithful and devoted bodyguard in the cowboys around him, any one of

whom would have laid down his life in the face of whatever danger might have confronted him.

"To all hunters a bear hunt's much the same," said Jake Borah in telling the story of his trip with the president; "a chase after bayin' hounds, the treein' and the death, but on the president's



THE PRESIDENT'S FIRST BEAR



WHERE BRUIN IS FOUND—A SHADY POOL IN THE WILDERNESS

hunt there was more'n one thrillin' incident that won't be overlooked. The toughest scrap was on the first day out, when the president bagged a big brown bear. That was the day we lost old Spot, my best dog. Spot was the last dog in the track, an' he died like a terrier always dies—game.

"When we first saw the bear, the



PLUCKY LITTLE "SPOT"

dogs had him bayed on the side o' the mountain, about half way up. I sent Al Anderson up the hill so's he could get in above him and drive him down. A bear always runs down, you know, if you get in above him. Al commenced peltin' him with rocks, but that bear never moved, just looked at him. Al kept on throwin' and the bear kept on lookin', and then he commenced takin' it out on the dogs that was a-snappin' at him from all sides.

"We knew that wouldn't do. There wouldn't been a dog left if that kept up long. So I told Al to quit throwin', and when he did the bear hustled off around the other side of the mountain, the dogs right after him.

"Pretty soon we heard the dogs again, and knew they had him bayed. We come up on them at the head of a little draw, and there was that bear backed up ag'in a big rock, clawin' and slashin' at the dogs and sendin' 'em whirlin' every time he hit them.



PART OF THE TRAIL INTO THE PRESIDENT'S COLORADO HUNTING GROUNDS



"He wouldn't tree and the dogs kept closin' on him. Old Spot was right up in front. He never did know what it was to be scared of the biggest bear in the hills, and the first thing I see was the bear reachin' out and pullin' the dog to him.

"Then the president got his sight on the old bear, and in a second he rolled over, Spot still in his arms. When they was a-rollin' down the gulch the old bear reached over and got hold of Spot's back with his teeth, breakin' his backbone. Spot never whimpered. He got up and was pullin' himself together for another go at the bear, when I went over and picked him up. The president fired again, and by that time the bear was 'all in.'

"That was the gamest fight I ever

see dogs put up, and Spot never had his equal. We had to shoot him, and we dug a hole right there and covered him over. We put a rock on top of his grave an' rode back to camp.

"I don't like to see a good dog killed that way," said the president. "I might have saved him if I had shot a little quicker."

After the close of the hunt, from which all newspaper men were excluded upon the request of Mr. Roosevelt, who said he could not hunt bear with a brass band along, the president loosened his stiffened joints in the hot mineral cave baths at Glenwood Springs.

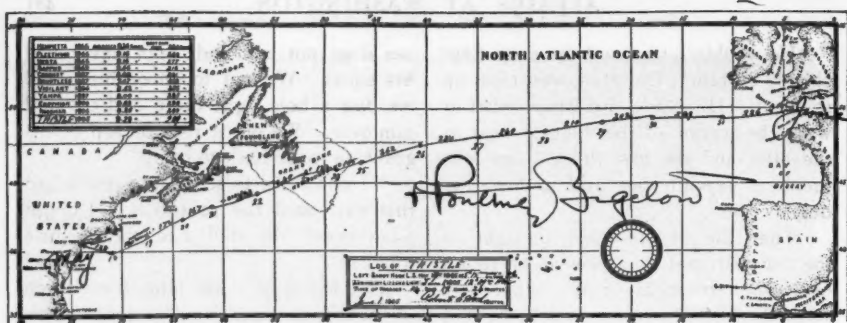
The name of the little town will long be associated with the occasion when it was the capital of the United States for three weeks.

## HOW THE BATTERY WAS TAKEN

By George Birdseye

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS

'T WAS at the earliest flush of dawn,  
While Shiloh's fight was raging on;  
Grant, with his field glass, stood serene,  
But anxiously surveyed the scene.  
Up rushed a rider, hand to brim;  
Stopt, and cried out, saluting him:  
"My General, report I make:  
Der Rebels haf a Battery take —  
Schwartz's Battery vas der von!"  
Said Grant: "Speak out! How was it done?"  
"By flank und rear — pefore ve look —  
So Schwartz's Battery vas took!"  
Cried Grant: "You spiked the guns, of course?"  
Amazed, the Deutscher's voice was hoarse:  
"Vot? Shpik dem guns — dem brand new guns?  
Vy, it vould shpoil dem! You make funs."  
"Make fun?" said Grant, "make fun with you?"  
Then sharply asked: "What did you do?"  
"Do?" said the Deutscher, "dot vas plain, —  
Do? — Ve yoost took dem pack again."



THE LOG OF THE THISTLE IN THE OCEAN YACHT RACE FROM SANDY HOOK TO THE LIZARD

## YACHT RACING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

By Poultney Bigelow

MUNICH, BAVARIA

WHEN the owner commands and navigates his own boat, as does Robert Tod of the Thistle, we have the ideal of deep sea yachting.

Anyone with a long purse may build a boat and hire a professional cup lifter—but where does the sport come in under such conditions?

On the second night out from New York there had been some hard work in the way of shifting sail, and so all hands were called aft, the steward was ordered to bring the big whisky flask and the owner commenced to pour out a tot for each gallant tar.

The whole ship's company, including two passengers, makes only twenty-five; and when I found that our genial host was pouring the fiftieth glass I commenced to take an interest, and discovered that in the darkness the crew were revolving past him much as an army on the stage—passing along into the darkness and reappearing from behind the main mast with splendid regularity.

After this Tod counted his tots.

### II

To please Mrs. Tod, he shipped a venerable first mate whose atmosphere was that of deliberation. With such a careful assistant, thought his loving spouse, nothing but good could happen to the Thistle.

She was right. This gentle mate was never allowed to do anything about the decks save such noncommittal work as testing thermometrically the temperature of air and water, reading off the numbers on the taffrail log, playing with the sextant and going aloft with opera glasses in search of news. He was a pleasant addition to a tea party, but mostly in the way otherwise.

### III

The skipper had little to do with his guests—these took their meals alone, our host refusing to leave the deck or the chart room night or day.

Personally this would have used me up in a very few days. Dr. J. C. Ayre, my fellow passenger, told me that in the course of his long and active profes-

sional career he had never met with anyone who could resist sleep so long as the skipper of the *Thistle*. And after fourteen full days of sleeplessness he appeared to be as wide awake and fresh looking as on the day of leaving Sandy Hook.

One reason for this vitality lies in the fact that my host neither smokes nor indulges in wine of any kind—furthermore he does not indulge in profane language, which many think is a part of a sailor's necessary outfit.

#### IV

As to this or that yacht winning the race—that is a matter of secondary importance.

The same wind does not favor all, and while the *Thistle* selected the most northerly route through the ice fields and lost, it is no reason why she might not have won over the same line a few days earlier or later.

The fascination of these long races is in the hard test which it gives to both boats and their crews. It awakens confidence in the sea as a mother of manly virtue—it increases our respect for our Viking Ancestors who pushed out into the great ocean in search of adventure fearing nothing save inactivity.

When I left New York some of my friends pictured the race as a sociable journey that would resemble somewhat that of a man-of-war with a convoy—lazily jogging over the swells and occasionally offering us opportunity to lower a boat in order to take dinner with a neighboring yacht.

Others deemed me a reckless fool bound on self destruction.

And indeed, while I knew from some seventy crossings of this Atlantic that sails are scarce things on the horizon, still, there was, it seemed to all of us, a fair chance of meeting with one or two of our competitors at some part of the trip.

But not once on the whole journey did we catch sight of a single one of our competitors.

Not once did we even sight a passenger steamer—and only once did we come near enough to any vessel for an exchange of signals.

We had several days of gale and sleet—of very heavy seas and fear of icebergs, but only once did we feel some nervousness, when we found ourselves in the midst of drift ice, with darkness coming on, the air and water close to freezing and the sea so thick with white caps that it was not easy to distinguish the ragged tops of sunken ice from the foaming of the angry waves.

Do you think there was ever a dull moment aboard?—not one. The hours run by as they do on shore when one is thoroughly interested in work and play.

The weather we had was unfortunate in so far as winning the cup is concerned; it was mainly westerly, but veering and of unequal strength—necessitating constant jibing and shifting of sail.

Where we had a right to expect good, strong wind, we had merely five or six knot weather—at other times we had gales so strong and seas so heavy across the Gulf Stream that we could not work our sails to full advantage. But this weather gave us an abundance of physical exercise, and no man with red blood in his veins can remain inactive on a sailing craft when there is work at the halyards and sheets.

#### V

Our dear Doctor suffered keen disappointment—our men obstinately refused to break their ribs or split their heads, and so for the whole cruise he had to practice on himself for want of a patient. He came near to having a fine practice, but it was nipped in the bud by the second mate.

This is how it happened.

One of the quartermasters confessed that he had a bit of a stomach ache.

Doctor was delighted—came on deck with something mixed in whiskey. The news of this reached the forecabin and presto, each man in succession commenced to complain of analogous symptoms.

The second mate, however, checked the threatened run on the whiskey supply by substituting castor oil—and after the first dose stomach ache disappeared completely from the forecabin.

## VI

The next race should be from Boston to Gibraltar by way of the Azores. This race from New York to the Lizard was to have come off in 1904, and would have been then run but for a strange series of misunderstandings.

The next contest of this nature may well be raised above all such possibility by being regarded as international in the highest sense.

Uncle Sam can do the starting in

Massachusetts Bay and John Bull will cheerfully, I am sure, welcome the survivors under the Pillars of Hercules.

New England is the home of the hardy fishing craft which furnishes us today the best type of the deep sea small craft suitable for such a contest. It is the nursery of American seamanship—it is the only part of America where the so-called "Protection" tariff has not yet wholly sapped away the life of the American sailor.

So here's a health to the gallant skipper of the Thistle—the man who not merely proposed the Ocean Race of 1905 but succeeded in making it real in spite of many obstacles.

Here's to the next race, to a longer race and increased entries.

And above all, here's to more sport on the high seas—more fellowship 'twixt all who speak our language, and may the day soon dawn when the grand watchword of New England shall again ring in political conventions!

Free Trade and Sailor's Rights.

## SOME OF THE UNOFFICIAL LOG ON BOARD THE THISTLE

*May 22nd.* Off Sable Island. Dense fog—thermometer has been going down steadily for two days—this Sable Island is so thick with wrecks that you can't see it—so we did not see it—and we were correspondingly grateful.

*May 23rd.* Stopped our morning baths—fresh water needed elsewhere and salt water has run down to thirty-four degrees Fahrenheit. Our doctor says it is bad to bathe in such water—I agree with him when the air is freezing damp.

Last night the main topsail balloon staysail, a sheet as big as a Japanese Garden, was taken in all crackling with beads of ice—cold and damp—it was brought down to the main cabin. Then the wind changed and the rest of the light sails were brought in all dripping with frozen fog, and stacked up near our meal table. This produced a clammy, vault-like atmosphere which became mouldy when we lit a gas stove by way of making ourselves cheerful of an evening.

Yacht racing is a fine thing—it's not intended for people who need comfort or have a weak lung.

The steam rising from that mass of damp sails suggested the New York subway.

We put on our caps and mittens when we went down to dinner.

Last night the Doctor went head over heels down to leeward, chair and all, landing on top of the oil stove.

He said he became warm for the first time since leaving Sandy Hook.

I had almost forgotten to record the advent of our black cat, because some people are not superstitious and might think such things unworthy of a historic log.

Well, when about thirty miles south of Nantucket shoal light ship we were sweeping

along in the late afternoon under studding sails and double raffee when what should appear on our starboard bow but a derelict three master of maybe 1,000 tons, nothing showing above water save her capstan, her galley house and her jibboom.

The sun was setting behind angry clouds and the skipper had just given the order to haul down the stuns'l when I noted something black waving and bobbing up and down at the end of the broken jibboom. On swinging close to the derelict, there jumped on to the end of our spinnaker a black cat with yellow eyes which looked like the bow ornaments of a Chinese junk.

This was accepted by all as a sign of good omen — and it is no doubt to this that we owe our miraculous escape from death in the midst of the ice and polar bears later on.

Our black cat was exhausted with watching and dodging the waves which had kept lapping up at her on the wreck, so after drinking several buckets of condensed milk, she curled herself up by the oil stove in the main saloon and went sound asleep as though she had been kitted and christened aboard the THISTLE.

After we had gone to bed, however, the little stove went out, the cabin grew cold and the black cat naturally crept into the nearest warm thing, and that meant that she curled up inside of the main topmast staysail and continued her sleep—until the staysail was suddenly carried out, cat and all, and hoisted up aloft before our strange guest could extricate herself.

This was none of your ordinary cats, but one that knew her way about, below and aloft. When the big sail was shaken out from the stops, the black cat clutched the cross trees and thought awhile, gazing intently down on the binnacle, and when the first mate came on watch at eight bells—midnight,—what should he see but two yellow eyes looking down at him from the main top.

But he didn't know then that they were cat's eyes. On the contrary, he was not thinking of cats in that part of the heavens.

He was anxious about latitude and longitude; and thinking that he had here a couple of constellations in conjunction he rushed below for his sextant and commenced to bring those yellow orbs into harmony with the nautical almanach.

But just then the black cat began to stroke her nose, and this frightened the mate because he thought it was an eclipse and there was nothing in the nautical almanach to warn him of this.

So he shouted down to the Skipper for help; announcing an eclipse of Castor and Pollux at 72° altitude. But the Skipper looked at him hard and said something profane.

And just then the black cat miawed and up went one of the quartermasters and brought her down in his arms from the rigging.

I never did see such shiny eyes on any cat before.

*May 25th.* When we were in latitude about 47 north and longitude 45 west we passed some powerful big porpoises—and one of them snapped at the patent log that was whizzing astern and carried it away clean — just one bite.

I've heard tell that porpoises were human and had consciences. Now I believe it.

Well, I didn't report this to the skipper, for I believed in my porpoises — and sure enough — at five bells of the afternoon watch I noticed one lone porpoise sort of rising up on his hind legs like and stretching up, and his eyes almost spoke to me, they were so expressive.

Well, I didn't think much of it until I heard a buzzing inside of him, which was the machinery of the patent log still going around owing to the palpitation of his heart.

I was just going forward to look for a hook when a green sea came aboard and with it this same porpoise — and no sooner had the water drained off in the scuppers than out belched my patent log.

Such honesty as this doesn't happen amongst men — leastways not amongst sailor men.

After that I couldn't kill the porpoise — but I educated it and he'd play with the black cat and walk about the decks with her.

But one day he grew careless; he went chasing after that black cat and got too near the edge, fell overboard and was drowned.

I could quote more of this log, but rival historians might accuse me of exaggeration.



# IN THE SAND HILLS

By Walter Bidwell

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS

**H**ARRY HAWKINS was local representative of a loan company I was interested in and which operated mainly in Kansas. He and I had attended college together, so when I arrived at his headquarters one hot day in July, and we started south through the Arkansas valley to inspect a tract of land which lay over beyond the sand hills, the dread of the journey that I was entering upon was made tolerable only by the thought that I had an entertaining driver. The hot winds which had blown incessantly for three days, blasting vegetation and sending the farmers upon their knees in supplication to God to spare the remainder of their crops, were still coming from the south. We had not gone far when I began to suffer from the grains of sand hurled by the insane fury of the wind against my face and hands—cutting like bits of steel from a fiery furnace; never before did I realize with what feelings of dread and apprehension the inhabitants of this country view the coming of the hot winds, which fortunately do not come often; they have only been known to sweep across the country at their worst about half a dozen times within the memory of the oldest resident.

We passed through a field of corn which looked entirely dead ("fired" it was called)—through it rather than by it, for the field stretched off immense distances on either side of the road—coming in view of the river, beyond which the sand shifted around in the brazen sky as though the law of gravitation had become inoperative and the very earth was subject to the will of the winds.

"What was the condition of corn before the hot winds came?" I asked, breaking a dry leaf between my thumbs

and forefingers—a leaf I had plucked from the field through which we had passed, where all the leaves were seared and curled as though fire had passed through the field.

"Never better," replied Mr. Hawkins, giving the horses a sharp cut as they labored out of the sand and up the steep ascent leading to the bridge. "Three days ago corn was just silking out—fine prospects; there was no reason to believe that we would not have an immense crop, sending the price down to twelve or fourteen cents, but on the whole giving the country a big lift. But now—" he concluded with a backward gesture to indicate the desolate field through which we had passed. I could readily have supplied from observation the description that should have followed.

I had turned my attention from the corn to the turbid stream flowing lazily over its bed of sand, impressing me with the sharp contrast between its velocity and the velocity of the wind, when upon an island not far from the bank we were approaching I observed a large marble shaft, around the base of which a few weeds and grasses were struggling for existence in the tawny sand. Noticing an inscription upon the shaft I remarked upon the oddity of such a burying place.

"A strange tale, that," observed my companion, as the horses, given free rein, trotted off the bridge, then came to a walk on the sandy road.

It was with considerable interest that I listened to the story which followed.

"Many years ago Judd Peters and his wife, Julia, came here and located on this side of the river, subsequently building the house over there, now occupied by Clark's," indicating a frame dwelling to the right of the road, sur-



rounded by all the conveniences of a well regulated Kansas farm—rows of cottonwoods lifting their refreshing shade upon either side of the drive leading out to the road.

"They were a middle aged couple," continued Mr. Hawkins, "of apparent respectability and considerable means—as means are rated in this section—who met their obligations promptly, attended strictly to their own business and spoke no ill of anyone. Aside from this, their neighbors knew nothing about them; no one had the temerity to make open inquiries about their antecedents. It was said that they hailed from Pennsylvania, where they had made a speck in the oil business and that they occasionally talked of returning to their old home. But this was denied by those who were best acquainted with them; they never returned and no one came from the East who had ever known them. A few busybodies attempted, by speculation and conjecture, to unravel the mystery that surrounded their past, but after several years of fruitless effort the undertaking was abandoned and the solitary couple were left to guard their history as they might. Of course there were those—only a few, however—who envied Peters. The well-to-do are always viewed with odium by some, especially in Kansas, where there is an incorrigible, implacable element which breaks out—kicks and spouts—whenever prosperity crowns the efforts of industry.

"Peters and his wife were a very devoted couple. Having no children, they bestowed that affection upon each other which would otherwise have been given to their offspring. Their relations were always harmonious; they seemed radiantly happy when together, and indeed they were seldom seen apart. It was said that they used to sit back there on the bank of the river watching the water flow by—acting for all the world like little children—care free and happy.

I have often thought how much brighter the world would be if the love of youth should continue unabated after marriage in other cases as it apparently did in theirs.

"As a result of this attachment, Judd and his wife had no personal friends; they never mixed in the affairs of others. They found in each other that sympathy and consolation for which one who is denied it often leaves the family circle and seeks elsewhere. They seldom attended public worship and contributed but little to the support of the church. On the whole they impressed one as rather independent—insular in their lives and habits—asking no favors from God or man. Across the placid surface of their marital relations no wave of jealousy had ever come; not even such as sometimes comes to a devoted heart when it discovers that a loved one is secretly calling upon God for some favor—a favor which, perhaps, the jealous one had considered unworthy of note.

"Years passed by, during which Peters added to his possessions while he and his wife continued to live in isolation—holding aloof from society—in the world but not of the world."

"One Sunday afternoon in early July when the Arkansas was on a boom, undermining the bank on this side of the river just north of the bridge we crossed, letting great chunks of earth into the seething water, Peters sat alone upon the bank, not far from where it was caving in, enjoying himself in his peculiar way, when he was suddenly swallowed up by the river. At least that was the universal conclusion, for Millie Clark saw him sitting upon the bank about two o'clock in the afternoon and no one has ever seen him since.

"Nothing was known of the catastrophe until about three o'clock, when Mrs. Peters, who had been at home doing up the dinner dishes, came running across the field from the river to Clark's crying: 'He's drowned—

drowned; I know he's drowned!' Nothing else was said, but those few words came with a wail so deep and pathetic that they left an indelible impression upon the minds of those who heard them. She went positively wild—tore her hair, clawed her flesh, bit her arms, laughed and cried, then looked away in blank despair. I have always thought that on that very day her reason was dethroned, for she never afterward impressed me as being entirely sane. She was certainly in a pitiable plight. She had no friend to console with; she had never confided in anyone. She could not pray to God, for she had never known God. There was no avenue of escape. She took her grief to heart, and in the wild storm that beat upon her soul her mind was hopelessly shattered.

"We hunted all through this country—some thinking Peters had become insane and wandered away; we dredged the river for ten miles down stream, and even went so far as to send a score of notices to towns situated upon the river between here and Arkansas. But all to no avail; no trace of Peters was ever found.

"Several days after her husband's disappearance—she in the meantime having carried on dreadfully—Mrs. Peters showed the strangest conduct imaginable. Suddenly conceiving a horror of the river—the river she had liked so well, but which had finally robbed her of her husband—she sold all of her possessions for a song, and going back to the foot of the sand hills—a little way ahead of us—she bought a farm which has since been covered up by sand, rendering it worthless.

"While abhorring the river with unabated vehemence, she still regarded it as the Mecca of her devotion; and every year, as unfailing as the anniversary of her husband's disappearance, she journeyed thither and sat all the afternoon upon the bank just north of the bridge,

looking into the water with gloomy remembrance. Here had gone out the only star of her hope, and to her blighted, fast failing mind the heavens were still lit with the fire of the dying orb.

"Back at the foot of the sand hills, her meager possessions being yearly encroached upon by the merciless sand, she continued her isolated life, now more retired than ever, for she was entirely alone—not even a servant to relieve the monotony of her barren existence. When the few acres of tillable land, as worked by herself, failed to supply her wants, she drew upon her steadily decreasing bank account for her support. She went about the place—a hopeless old crone—babbling like a child. Her husband's pipe and a paper he had read upon the eve of his disappearance lay upon the parlor table where, she said, he had left them; this when he had never been in the house in his life. He would shortly come back and want them, and she was patiently waiting for him to return. She was young and full of hope and any reference to her advanced years was sharply resented.

"But under the surface of these inconsistencies was an undercurrent of rational thought. In her serious moments she realized her condition and even acknowledged that her vitality was almost exhausted. But instead of giving up as the aged generally do, she redoubled her efforts to build up her body and mind. Nothing should be left undone to further this end. I shall never forget the passionate fierceness with which she rebelled against the approach of the inevitable end.

"Last July, just ten years after her husband's departure, she made her annual pilgrimage to the river, which was then almost out of its banks from a late Summer freshet. She was sitting upon the bank, looking into the water, when the earth on which she sat

gave way and she, too, was carried to her death.

"John Wilberforce, who was riding by at the time, saw her fall into the stream, and, jumping out of the buggy, went below the bridge and eventually succeeded in drawing her out. But she was never resuscitated, her wasted vitality failing to respond to the efforts of those who attempted to revive her.

"We knew of no better place to bury her than that endeared to her heart by her annual pilgrimages; hence the marble shaft you marveled at when we were crossing the bridge."

After the period of silence which followed the conclusion of his story, and

while we were approaching a place reminiscent of homestead days, Mr. Hawkins remarked: "This is the property owned by the late Mrs. Peters."

The little house, surrounded by a few outbuildings, stood in the edge of a sea of sand which was constantly encroaching upon it in little fluffy drifts. After we had driven by the deserted property and the scenes of the story had passed out of my mind, I again became conscious of the sand beating against my face and hands and of the awful heat of the day, my sympathy going out to the horses, foam flecked and jaded, laboring out into the scorching, shifting dunes.

## GOMEZ (1898)

By Frank Putnam

TO that high plane where Love enshrines his name who gave this Nation life,  
Unerring Time's decree assigns the hero of a newer strife.  
His fight is that undying fight, whose martyr roll is ages long —  
The ceaseless battle waged by Right against the sway of cruel Wrong.  
His arms are few, his purse is lean, the woods his temple cities are;  
His road is long, Death lurks between, but at the end shines Freedom's star.  
Of dauntless courage, splendid skill, unwearied purpose, noble mind,  
His final years are Freedom's still; youth's roseate dreams are left behind.  
One dear desire is his alone — whose fruit pray God he live to see —  
The hated arms of Spain o'erthrown, the land of his affection free!

## THE QUEST OF MARTHA JUSTICE

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

PATTERSON had been directed to take the "straight for'ard path" through the woods, and within five minutes he had come to a fork where the overgrown trail branched at right angles. To wait for a chance passer by was more uncertain than to trudge back to the inn, but it was decidedly cooler, so Patterson flung himself under a tree and took out his aunt's letter.

He was her favorite nephew, and she had abundant means to make that posi-

tion a very pleasant one; but he had always foreseen that their comfortable relations were built upon an unstable foundation that was apt to crumble at a crucial test. For Patterson was quietly determined to have his own way, and Aunt Sophia was a born dictator, though Patterson was genuinely fond of her and was rather amused by her eccentricities, so long as they did not conflict with his wishes.

The last time he had visited her, she

had announced, in her emphatic, inconsequent fashion:

"If you marry to suit me, Douglass, I shall settle a pretty sum on you for a wedding gift. But I warn you, that if you ruin your life by marrying some ninny, I shall not even come to the ceremony, and I shall make a new will, leaving every cent to poor Alfred's nieces—hideous girls they are, too! I detest a long chin, don't you? You know young men are sure to do something silly when it comes to falling in love—always running after a petticoat! I wear black ones myself; it saves washing."

He turned the sheets of her letter and read:

"Be sure to call on my dear friend, Miss Martha Justice, when you go to D—. She has a very pretty taste, as I know from her skill in choosing patterns for our cross stitch, and no doubt she can advise you where to find the most suitable scenes for your painting. Speaking of water colors reminds me that young Ellis was nearly drowned in the surf yesterday. I have frequently mentioned you to Martha, and she would feel aggrieved if a nephew of mine should be in her neighborhood without rendering her the courtesy of a call. Tell her I've mislaid the recipe for stuffed bell peppers that she sent me, and ask her to save me some of her gladiolus bulbs this Fall!"

"Hang Miss Martha Justice!" he ejaculated aloud, and then sprang to his feet at the sound of light steps behind him.

"I beg pardon, but will you have the very great kindness to tell me which of these paths leads to the home of Miss Justice?"

The girl paused a moment. Her eyes were downcast.

"I heard you say something about hanging her. If it is a lynching party, I had rather not be an accessory."

He explained his difficulty in decid-

ing upon the "straight for'ard path," and with a slight inclination of her pretty head she preceded him on the path to the right.

"If you follow me," she said, glancing over her shoulder, "you will not lose your way, as I happen to be going to Miss Martha's myself."

What would you have done?

Patterson's artistic eye lingered on the daintiest of flowered organdies. The skirt was fluffy with ruffles, the quaint fichu added to the sloping effect of the shoulders; the poke bonnet, with a wreath of pink roses underneath the brim, against the hair, and filmy strings brought under the chin and knotted to one side, completed a correct 1830 costume—to a woman's eye. To a man's it was seeing young beauty masquerading in her grandmother's gown.

"And a bird overhead sang 'Follow!'  
And a bird to the right sang 'Here!'  
And the arch in the leaves was hollow,  
And the meaning of May was clear."

He hurriedly overtook her, hat in hand, his manner courteously apologetic, but not emphasized to that degree when an apology seems a covert affront. Fortunately he was tall and good to look upon, and his suit of white flannels was distinctly becoming.

"Would it be unpardonably presumptuous in me to ask for the introduction, now that I am sure Miss Justice will accord me one later? But then I should have missed the pleasure of walking with you—so great a pleasure that it tempts me to overleap the conventionalities. I am Douglas Patterson, and if you will have the graciousness to glance at my aunt's letter to Miss Justice, perhaps it may serve as an introduction to you."

He looked so deferential, yet eager, that the girl hesitated and was lost. She read the note, and he saw, though she repressed the smile on her lips, that her eyes were brimming with laughter.

"I have never read so complimentary a letter of its kind, save the one our last butler brought. He stole the spoons," she added pensively.

"By Jove, Aunt Sophia has laid it on thick!" groaned Patterson, possessing himself of its contents. "I hadn't read it over before. This old lady and my aunt are great chums, match worsteds together and all that sort of thing, and my aunt insisted on my looking her up. Of course it will bore her to death, and I'm already hopelessly frightened."

"Why?"

"Isn't 'Martha Justice' enough to scare a mere man? Ah, that's good of you!" (This referred to the fact that she had started on again, tacitly accepting his position beside her). "I've been fancying the sort of tranquil Puritan who would belong to that name—a dignified, reserved spinster, smooth hair, straight lips, level voice. She should have been born elderly. There are some names that seem a part of Spring—"

"May," she suggested. "Or perhaps Rose and Violet?"

"Don't make fun of me! And there are names that partake of the warmth and luxuriance of Summer. But 'Martha Justice' is distinctly Autumnal."

"You have seen her photograph? No? You gave a remarkably faithful picture of her. But she is a perfect dear! added the girl loyally. "One has to know her well to grow accustomed to her forbidding manner, but there are very few people for whom I care more than I do for her. That's why I don't feel really unconventional in accepting your aunt's introduction a little prematurely. We should meet each other in half an hour anyway, and if Miss Martha likes you she'll probably ask us both to tea."

Patterson's spirits soared to the zenith. Never before had the road to that tiresome thing known as a "duty call" led through green woods that stilled their echoes and listened in friendly

silence to the low, sweet laughter of the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He was effervescently happy, and perhaps that is the condition under which one shows to the best advantage.

"I have seen your illustrations in the magazines," said the girl presently. "I cut out two that I liked especially, and had them framed."

"Where did you hang them?" he asked with direct frankness that robbed the question of crudeness.

"In my room," she answered shyly.

An exclamation of pleasure escaped him.

"Will you let me make a sketch now, just for you? You won't send it back with the assurance that it is excellently done, but not quite adapted to your immediate requirements? A step or two back, you admired the maidenhair growing in the crevices of that gray old rock."

He took out his sketch book and with rapid, skillful touches he portrayed the pretty bit of still life.

"How delightful it must be!" she exclaimed, looking over his shoulder. "You make one feel the contrast between that old, lichen covered boulder that cannot be rent by storms and the delicate ferns that sway in a baby breeze."

The same light breeze was blowing the little curls about her forehead and the filmy string of her bonnet floated out and brushed his cheek. He lost his head a little.

"Please, please," he begged impulsively, "let me make a sketch of you! Here's the maidenhair for your souvenir of our walk. May I sketch you—for mine? Mayn't I? Won't you?"

"Your aunt said that, with all your excellent qualities, she feared you lacked initiative," mused the girl. "I should consider that your dominant characteristic."

"She didn't say that in her letter," puzzled Patterson.



"No, it was in a letter that I read to Miss Martha. She—her glasses were mislaid," explained the girl hurriedly.

He took advantage of her slight confusion to press his point.

"Then your knowledge of my failings antedated our meeting? I think you might have told me before, and not have allowed me to remain in happy ignorance, believing that I was as heartily endorsed as the butler. Seriously, won't you permit me to make a sketch of your head in that little bonnet? I need it for an illustration to some verses."

"Oh, do you write poetry?" she inquired with interest.

"Not yet," he confessed, "but I've been told that there is a period in every man's life when he turns to versifying. I feel a presentiment that I shall write my maiden poem no later than tonight. There!" he cried impulsively, the enthusiasm of the artist possessing him, "keep still! Just as you are—your head at that adorable angle!"

Certainly it was a fascinating task. He could gaze as straight as he liked now at the roseleaf face, the piquant chin, the alluring mouth.

"Eyes colored like a water flower," he quoted absently. "O for a paint box, to try to approximate that color!"

"The greenest of things blue  
And bluest of things gray!"

Why did you move?"

"Because I don't like for you to say personal things in an impersonal way," she retorted. "I find it embarrassing. Please let me see it."

She put out her hand for the sketch.

"I'm not nearly as—as that," she said, reproach and pleasure mingled in her tone.

He seemed to understand that sentence, though Lindley Murray himself couldn't have parsed it.

"You're a thousand times more so." He deliberately tore the paper into bits.

"I had rather keep my mental picture of you. If I might gather one of the little buds that blossom all over your gown, it would bring you to mind more vividly than the libel I destroyed."

She touched one of the flowers on her dress.

"It's a pity they can't be pulled," she said thoughtfully. "It would be too bad for that poem not to be written."

They were very near the edge of the wood. She took off her bonnet, swinging it lightly by the strings, and he discovered that bright, rippling hair is lovelier than the most attractive head-gear.

"Perhaps one of the roses from my wreath might do?" she suggested innocently. "Have you a pen knife?"

She held up the bonnet and he snipped off the tiniest pink bud. He felt as if he could not endure for his halcyon hour to end, and he pleaded desperately:

"Can't you stay a little longer? Grant me even ten minutes' grace! I cannot endure the thought of seeing Miss Justice just yet."

"I'm afraid I can't prevent that," she answered, a hint of laughter betraying itself in the corners of her mouth. "I met your aunt two years ago in the mountains. She is an old dear, and I—I'm Martha Justice."

But everybody agrees that Patty Paterson suits her a great deal better!

For their wedding gift, Aunt Sophia gave a cheque so generous as to surprise the most sanguine.

"It was entirely through me that they met. I knew they were exactly suited, for Douglas is an artist, and Martha can concoct anything in a chafing dish. For my part, I prefer shrimps à la Newburg to lobsters. Happy as they are, it goes to prove that marriages are not made in heaven, for I made that match myself and I was down on the Jersey coast. Do you use mosquito bars or penny-royal oil?"



# THE LAY OF THE LAND

By Dallas Lore Sharp

SOUTH HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

SHE loved nature—from a veranda, a dogcart, the deck of a vessel. She had been to the sea shore for a whole June, the next June to the mountains and then to a farm. "And I enjoyed it!" she exclaimed;—"the sky-blue, I mean, the sea-blue, and the green of the hills. But as for seeing fiddler-crabs and chewinks and woodchucks—things! Why I simply didn't. Now don't you think this nature study is mostly fad, anyway?"

Certainly not. A fiddler-crab is as real an entity as a thousand-acre marsh. It is a sorry soul that looks for nothing but fiddler-crabs, that scratches nature always with a muck-rake, that never sees the sky-blue, the sea-blue and the green of the rolling hills. I shall never forget a moonrise over the Maurice River marshes that I saw one night in June—a solemn sight, one of the profoundly beautiful experiences of life, in the wide, weird silence of the half sea-land with the tide at flood. Nor shall I ever forget two or three of the stops I made in the marsh that day to watch the fiddler-crabs.

Nature study, (the term grows seedy) this watching of fiddler-crabs, is not a fad, not make believe, not a pleasure imagined. If my skeptic of the opening paragraph finds nothing of interest in the out of doors smaller and more thing-like than fresh air, it maybe that she doesn't know how to look for it.

Going to the sea shore for one June, to the mountains for another, and to a farm for the next is not the best way to study nature. She may discover the farm, but little else out of doors that is smaller. There will be plenty on the farm to see; just as there will be plenty in the middle of a Hebrew book to read. But the chances are she has the

book upside down and is trying to read the lines backward. She won't see much in it. So on the farm in the crowded month of June. There is a medley of voices and she hears music; a blending of colors and she sees green; a mingling of odors and she catches a breath of fragrance. But as for all this talk about chewinks and woodchucks—she does not believe in it.

That is because she did not spend the other two Junes upon the farm. It is when one abides on the farm the year around through several Junes that he sees the woodchucks. There are too many leaves and too much clover in June. As one of twelve, June is a very good month; but as a season for nature study—no single month is satisfactory.

A naturalist needs time for intimate acquaintance. Like a farmer, he can be land poor, can have too much ground to cultivate. I know of a man in New Jersey who owns over 500 acres of pine barrens, and who can scarcely till enough of it to pay taxes. I have a friend near Boston who is quietly getting rich on one one-hundredth as many acres.

Is not this the matter with my skeptic? She has too many acres. She goes to the sea shore one Summer, then to the mountains, then to a farm—and wonders why she sees so little out of doors. Who would see anything? You cannot scrape an acquaintance with a sea shore in one Summer, not even with an ordinary farm. The trouble is one of size. As well try to make friends with a crowded street. Acquaintance and friendship require time.

It is so with persons. Introduction means little more than a name. Not until you have looked into a face many times do you see the much that may be there. So with the face of the fields.

The first necessity in nature study is to become acquainted with some locality—say with a farm. It does not matter how small, how commonplace, how near the city—the nearer the better, provided there are trees, water, fences and some seclusion. If your own cabin can be in the middle of such a spot—that is ideal.

For there is no make believe when you buy a field or a piece of woods and settle down there to stay. Nature respects you. You have taken her into your confidence. She will take you into hers, and in the course of a few seasons (if you will limit the size of your garden) you will begin to discover what a multitude of interesting things come with the place that were not mentioned in the deed.

Learning the lay of the land is the beginning of nature study. And what is the course, anyway? Not sixteen weeks in zoology, or botany, or geology. But a gentle life course in learning to know and to love your out of doors.

Owning a farm, of course, is not necessary. Sometimes I am quite convinced that for pure and lasting joy in nature one should not possess an acre. Once you have looked upon land of your own, once you have trodden upon earth that belongs to you, and all your Sundays will be spent looking and walking there. The man in the Scriptures who bought a field and lost his interest in other pleasant things had a real case. However, I am not always sure of this. But I am always sure that for nature study you ought to live near an open region so that you can come to know it intimately the changing seasons through. "He is a thoroughly good naturalist," says Kingsley, "who knows his own parish thoroughly." He must have had Gilbert White in mind—the kind of a naturalist who lives in Selborne and grows old with his tortoise.

No neighborhood will lack life and interest on close acquaintance. I doubt

if any one driving past my hill farm would see anything extraordinary, even worth while—a hill, a house, a patch of garden, a piece of woods, a few old apple trees, and a rather sterile, stony field. But let him live there as I do. Let him know the paths, the apple trees, the stone piles, the stumps, the spring, the meadow, the multitude of tree holes, earth holes—why, there is no end of holes, and they are all inhabited!

By actual count, there are thirty-six woodchuck holes on my fourteen acres. But I have been three years counting them. Just two of these holes are in the open where the casual observer, the Summer boarder, would be likely to see them. Such a boarder might think I had no woodchucks at all!

He should milk for me some morning. All through the early Summer I had left the kitchen with my milk pail rather late—a little after five o'clock. One morning in September I stepped out of the door a little before five, and there in the clover at the foot of the steps sat a fine old woodchuck. He was not expecting me yet, for he knew my comings out and goings in, and he was up to his eyes in the clover, so that he neither saw nor heard me.

Here he had fed about the kitchen door all Summer, and I had not known it. Had I been a boarder, perhaps I never should have known it. But after that I saw him frequently. I took pains to get up before five. Just over the edge of the lawn, along the wooded slope, was his burrow, which was one of the latest of the thirty-six to be discovered.

When I shall have been milking and huckleberrying and hen's-nesting and aimlessly meandering for three more years over these few acres, perhaps I shall have found the last of these woodchuck holes. Though that can hardly be, for new ones are being dug all the time. Meanwhile I am making other discoveries.

I might live here forever without see-

ing a fox if I kept no chickens, and if I never studied the lay of my land. I personally look after the hens, and it is I, consequently, who sees the foxes. I know the individual voices of these nine leghorns, and the meanings of all the cries they make in concert. I can hear them farther off than anybody else.

We were sitting down to dinner a little while ago when I heard the hens squawk. No one else heard them and no one else saw the fox. I rushed out and chased him up the back ridge, where he was forced to drop the dying hen. All that the other members of the household got out of it was the chicken pot pie the next noon—just what a boarder gets!

A fox, like all animals, is very mechanical in his going and coming. He moves within certain well defined boundaries, runs certain definite routes: crossing the stream at a particular ford every time, running this ridge and not that, leaving the road at this point, and swinging off in just such a circle through the swamp.

A good hunter knows this and makes it his business to discover the run. Two foxes last Fall were shot at my lower bars as they were jumping the river. Their course fords the stream here, then leads through the bars, along the base of the ridge and up my path to the pasture. I stood in this path one night when the fox, with the hounds driving him, came up and sniffed my boots. Again last Fall, after the dogs had been called off, a young fox trotted over the old route up the path and turned in the pasture toward the house. He stopped on the edge of the lawn just above the woodchuck's hole, already mentioned, and for ten minutes stood there in the moonlight yapping back at my neighbor's dog that was barking below.

I know the lay of the land where the foxes cross, and now with little watching I am almost sure of seeing Reynard,

especially in the Fall, when the dogs are on his trail.

Many of our happiest glimpses of the out of doors are accidental. We stumble upon things, but it is usually when we are trying to find something. You may happen upon a humming bird's nest, but for an owl's nest you must hunt. How rare the interesting accidents are may be shown by a statement of Mr. Burroughs' where he says he has found but three humming bird's nests in all his life! You would hardly find that number of owl's nests if you trusted to luck.

Night after night in the sweet silence through which our little river sings, we hear the whimpering of the small screech owls. They are hunting over the meadow. So much we get without watching, but the sight of them and their nests—that only came with my visiting every tree in the neighborhood with a cavity big enough to hold one of the birds.

And what a series of discoveries I made in that study of my old trees! Nests, roosts, store houses! Bats, birds, bugs, snails, mice, squirrels, salamanders!—everything that takes to holes, except my swarm of golden Italian bees that absconded to parts unknown, because I suppose, there was no tree in the vicinity quite capable of containing them. There is no single chapter in the book of your out of doors that it will pay you to study more carefully than the chapter on holes.

To know the land, the lay of every foot of it, and the very nature of every foot of the soil, is necessary if you would know the times and places of your flowers. You will have no trouble with finding the dandelions, and perhaps a dozen others that make themselves at home in your earth; but there are two score of others, strangely rare and secluded, that you must seek for with patience, season after season.

For three years I have been working on my little floral world, mapping it by

species and by dates. Last year I added a dozen; this year I expect to add as many more—such as the single spot in a sunny dip of the ridge where the arbutus grows—a bed that I could cover with my coat, and a like-sized patch of dog-toothed violets between two boulders at the foot of the slope; the single cluster of cardinal flower at the bend of the river; the single struggling dogwood that flowers in the shadow of the hemlocks; and the three tiny spirals of ladies' tresses in a patch of wild cranberry in the swamp.

Nature study is not some new cult, like Mazdaznanism, but simply the old

watching of the out of doors with new knowledge and sympathy. It is not a search after a living uinatherium, or after a frog that swallowed his pond, or a fish hawk that reads—not a hunt for the extraordinary or the marvelous at all; but for things as the Lord made them. The marvelous you can get in the Bestiaries, ancient and modern. Nature study rather is the out door side of natural science, the unexpressed, unprinted side of poetry. It is joy in breathing the air of the fields, joy in seeing, hearing, living the life of the fields; joy in knowing and loving all that lives with you in YOUR out of doors.

## A MOTH

By Ernest McGaffey

LEWISTON, ILLINOIS

THE house was still, the woods were still  
The leaves were reft of sound ;  
And flared the lamp across the sill  
Casting its halo round ;  
When suddenly before my sight  
Against the glasses thin,  
A great moth darting to the light  
Fought bravely to get in.

Will my lone soul when freed from earth  
Seek Heaven in this wise ?  
See light from some immortal hearth  
And to the windows rise?  
Blinded by some far-reaching gleam  
Like this poor woodland gnome,  
When out from life's uncertain dream  
God calls my spirit home!

# MICHAEL RYAN, CAPITALIST

## A STORY OF LABOR

By F. F. D. Albery

COLUMBUS, OHIO

(Publication of this story was begun in June, 1905)

### VIII

#### BILL KITCHEN

**I**F ever there was a human interrogation point, it was William Kitchen, Esq., erstwhile and even now leader of strikes, labor agitator, mental dyspeptic and general all around rebel against the existing order of things, and for the matter of that the whole system of the universe. Why the Almighty puts such men into the world is sometimes hard to account for, and why He burdens any individual with such a curse is still harder to work out. As a child, Willie Kitchen was always waiting for answer to his perpetual Why? and it required nerves of iron to tolerate much of his presence. As he grew older he became more insistent and his questions more pointed. Much of his time was spent in dreaming, and his fellow laborers laughed at him a great deal because of mishaps which befell him on account of his far away thoughts when he should have been attentively watching the work in hand, and it happened often that he was rescued from imminent peril by the timely arrival or intervention of his fellows. Later on, this mania took the more serious turn of wrong conclusions when he could not find answers to his queries. Thus it followed that, having observed that some men were always rich and some men always poor, and his why receiving no satisfactory answer, he quite naturally concluded that the state of man was wrong and could be and ought to be righted. Why should this man be worth a million dollars and live in luxury when his neighbor, who was apparently just as good a human being in every way—physically, mentally

and morally, should be condemned to live in the alley and struggle from day to day to get enough just barely to feed and clothe his family? The money that the one paid his cook would fairly represent what the other was allowed to live on. His coachman lived in a much better house than the other. Even his stable had cost the price of a good house. His children had spending money allowed them which looked like a fairly good income. One of his wife's Paris gowns would cost enough to clothe Kitchen's whole family for years. A single meal would pay for food at the Kitchen home for months. Every thinkable or imaginable item of personal comfort or luxury bore the same proportion of outrageous disproportion and to a mind like Kitchen's it was simply maddening.

To his own thoughts and speculations he had added all the discomfort of an attempt to find some way out of his mortal predicament by studying the works of certain other dyspeptic minds which had from time to time given themselves over to the task of solving the unsolvable problem. Many of these persons he had not been able to follow through their labyrinthian ways, but out of the whole mass of miserable misunderstanding, misstatement and perverted argument and conclusion certain things had become more settled in his mind, and among these he had convinced himself that property is only a fiction. That no man owns anything. That no man has a right to own anything. That the theory of private, personal ownership of land or goods or money is false and that its falsity is absolutely settled by the fact that the thing owned always exists after the



owner no longer exists. The dead do not carry their millions with them into the other state and after a short time (except for the difference that hermetically sealed metal caskets make) the pauper and the millionaire are resolved into the same original mud; and, as mere fertilizer, neither is superior to the other.

He easily convinced himself that property is only a trust given to a man to use and enjoy during his temporary residence on earth, that all one man might properly do with it is to manipulate and enjoy while he lives and drop it when he dies. That he acquires this right primarily by taking the raw material out of the earth and, adding his labor and ingenuity, makes it useful for himself; and that therefore all labor used in changing the finished product gives the laborer the same right to use and enjoy the finished product today that it did in the beginning of development. It was most easy for him to brush aside all consideration of the complicated relations of humanity lying between aboriginal man who worked iron out of a lump of ore and made himself a spear head, and the corporate man of today who in his collective capacity, with the additions of machinery and other modern devices, makes railroad iron for his present uses. Abstractly considered, there is absolutely no difference. On the one hand there is the man and the lump of ore; the man manipulates this lump and the result is a spear head with which he acquires food and clothing. On the other hand here is the man collectively (machinery, invention, processes, money, combinations of money of some and labor of others.) Here is the lump of ore (now in the form of pig iron); the man manipulates the lump and the result is the equivalent of the spear head in as many different forms as he chooses. The man's labor has changed the lump of ore into the spear head, which is now his to use to

win him food, clothing and shelter. Therefore the man whose labor goes into the spear head owns it. If two have worked on the same lump they own it in common, and the conclusion became to him irresistible that capital and labor own the results of their combination and therefore, again, the laborer has just as much right to say how things shall be done, when they shall be done and what share labor shall have in the result. Combined labor can only express itself forcefully by the strike, and therefore the strike is justifiable. To say the very least that can be said the strike is just as correct morally as the close-down when capital can no longer make profits. The capitalist owns his share and may quit and the laborer owns his share and may quit.

Having worked out some problems to his own satisfaction, it was most natural that a man of his nature should impart his conclusions to others, and thus the habit was formed in him of preaching constantly to his associates; and because he talked well and had original ideas he was readily accorded leadership. This was greatly to his liking, for he had learned to admire his own inquisitive nature and to look upon it as evidence of great brain power, and so a labor agitator was evolved from what was originally only an over inquisitive child.

One of his favorite statements, and one which always took well with the men, was that no human being could in an ordinary lifetime earn a million dollars. The very statement of the proposition was absurd. Take any one of the many millionaires in America. What have they done to earn their millions? The truth is that no man can earn more than a good living for himself and family and a moderate competence beside, and no man deserves more. It's enough, too. So that when we contemplate the millionaires on the one hand and the multitude of honest, deserving poor on the other, it shows an abnormal



state of affairs. He believed in proper, equitable distribution of property between all those who by reason of their contributing to the general wealth, were entitled to it; and since it would be a violation of law to take it away forcibly from those who have in some way got possession of it, what better way than to enable the laboring classes to earn more, that is to say their just share, and thus gradually bring about a redistribution of the joint product in the interest of equity and justice.

Such ideas addressed in forceful language to the ones whom it was proposed should get the benefit of the redistribution were of course convincing, and even those who were contented with their lot and who could not see how any better conditions could be brought about, acknowledged that it sounded right. It was plausible at least, and therein lay the danger of his influence.

## IX

### MORE OF BILL KITCHEN

**B**Y the time he reached the works of Kruger, Gill & Wamser, Mr. Kitchen had become a full-fledged anarchist. The reasoning processes which he employed had brought him to a clear understanding with himself as to many of the questions which had troubled him, and he now worried only as to the remedies. The conditions were settled. By the apparent consent of the Almighty, conditions prevailed which could shock the sense of propriety of many fair minded men outside the ranks of the toiling masses. Sympathy would be counted on in almost any kind of contest between labor and capital, and a strong factor of support existed among the aspirants for public office, who by affecting interest in the laboring classes could count on their votes.

Experienced as he was in most of these things, Kitchen soon made such headway among the employees at the

mill that he was recognized as the leader and spokesman of the dissatisfied as well as of the uncertain ones who had not yet made up their minds as to their position. As long as Ryan remained among the workers, his strong personality and good sense held in check the influence of Kitchen and his teachings, for he was much the stronger of the two and his example, his untiring industry and unfailing good humor of itself furnished the best refutation of Kitchen's theories. But when he was transferred from the ranks to his position with the employers, jealousy and envy began to assume their part and Kitchen found no trouble in playing upon the human weakness which his knowledge of human nature taught him existed in high degree among the class with which he had to deal.

He found Hall an easy mark, and by working on his peculiar infirmities soon had him entirely in his power and rejoiced in the knowledge that Hall's former friendship for Ryan could be turned into hatred.

He probably did not care to do more than make Hall his disciple, but if the working out of his plans necessitated the greater evil, he felt no responsibility for that, and he was careful not to indulge in any personal allusions to Ryan in any other form than as he was associated with and included in the class of capitalists against whom Kitchen constantly railed.

There were others of his class among the employees, it is true, but none who had the faculty of leadership, so that it happened, while all did not follow him in his extremest doctrines, yet they did agree with him up to a certain point and beyond that admitted that he might be right. They were not as a class in favor of violence, but when the strike had reached the stage of physical interference with those who seemed to be against them, and who, as they now felt convinced, were ready to take their

jobs away from them, they did not protest, but calmly allowed events to take what seemed to be their natural course. They then consoled themselves with the thought that not their hands but those of the extremists, the irreconcilables, had committed the overt acts, and disclaimed any responsibility, moral or otherwise. The union was never to blame, for the union as such did none of the unlawful things, and if some whom they could not control or were not responsible for chose to assault or even murder, it was like any other personal encounter between men, when such unfortunate things were apt to occur.

Thus Kitchen and his kind sowed the seed and the harvest ripened in disorder and crime. He was no worse than many others, except in the larger intelligence that made it possible for him to keep the flame alive in the breasts of those who, seeing nothing but their imagined wrongs, became his instrument in carrying out to the bitter end the conflict between labor and capital which had its foundation stones laid in ignorance and misunderstanding. The men had been taught that they were contending for their liberty and rights, for only their just reward and proper share in the results of their labor. They had wrought the lump of ore into a useful tool, which it was now proposed they should not be allowed to use for their own good, for their own maintenance and advancement; and for this natural and lawful right they were now contending and were prepared, if need be, to fight.

Kitchen was wise enough to know that his cause must not depend upon the lawless. Those he had always with him, but there were others of good reasoning powers among the workmen—the respectable and the semi-respectable, whom he needed more. The men who had families for whom they cared and who were ambitious to become independent in a way, to own homes and have something laid away for a rainy day and

for the education of their children. With these he labored incessantly and to these he never advocated his extremist anarchistic views. At the least, whenever he touched upon these views it was with mild and dispassionate reasoning and with frequent quotations from well known authors whom he had read and whose doctrines are couched in the subtlest and most deceptive words.

The force at the mill was made up from many different nationalities, but the foreigners prevailed in great numbers, particularly those from the borderlands of Russia: Slavs, Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians and Finns, and among these were, no doubt, many outlaws and fugitives from justice. This element was ever ready for riot and bloodshed when it could be made to appear that their wages were in danger. It was not necessary for Kitchen and the other leaders to preach resistance to them. All they demanded to know was that trouble was on between the bosses and the men and their torches were aflame and their knives whetted. They had no ties, no affections, no loyalty, and the man who interfered with them was their natural enemy. If Robert Duncan chose to work for any reason, he was a traitor whose death was a small matter so long as he stood in the way. What that meant to his family was of no concern. So also with the property of their employers, if there were no other way to prevent the scabs from stealing their jobs, the destruction of that property was legitimate, for it made it impossible for them to work.

When it came to the question of the right to interfere and prevent others from making contracts with the company or the right of the company to hire others when the regular force refused to work, it must be confessed the argument was weak, almost imbecile indeed; but that did not deter the strikers from still claiming that the jobs were their jobs which no one had a right to take

away. They ignored entirely their own acts in refusing to keep their jobs. They broke their contracts but would not allow the company to accept the result of their own acts. In other words, the company might not exercise a free will such as they demanded for themselves. It could only contract with those who had been its employes, but who refused to contract further.

## X

## SORROW

**H**OW fly the years! Could we but realize the flight of time how much more earnestly we would appreciate our friends; but care and ambition dull our sensibilities and we do not know that life is over till we face death. And so it was with Michael Ryan, who today stood by the corpse of his old mother, a grizzled, middle-aged man, and weeping bitter tears was carried back to that other time when as a broken hearted little boy he tried to realize what they told him then of death. It was of no use to blame himself now. He had been better than most sons. He had cared for her tenderly and had thought of her every hour, and yet he condemned himself for being so devoted to his work as sometimes to forget her. It was still the simple heart of the little boy that was bursting with grief and blame of himself, and yet he could not see what he had left undone, for as fast as business allowed it he had added comfort after comfort, until at last she lacked nothing; and he had not allowed the image of any other woman to come between. He simply could not become interested in any other, and now he was absolutely alone, without even one near friend or relative to console. His faith in a future life was unbounded. That is to say, he believed he should some day be with his father and mother again, but when, where and how were impene-

trable mysteries which he did not seek to solve. He required no proof. He asked no one to tell him that he should live again, and now that she in whom his life was bound up was gone, it was only a temporary separation, and that thought brought comfort and assuaged his grief. As long as her body was visible there was something tangible to mourn over, but when the funeral was over and he sat alone in the empty house, the abomination of desolation came over him and he rushed out into the open air for very relief. And so it continued without interruption or any perceptible change for many weary weeks, in which he sought to drown his grief in hard work, but as often as the full measure of his loss came to him he bowed his head and sobbed like a little child. How he would have welcomed any proffer of sympathy from Hall, the only one connected in any way with the old days; but Hall had drifted again and was fully in the camp of the anarchists with all their bad habits and unreasonableness, and never in Ryan's distress did he hint that he had any feeling in the matter.

It worried Ryan a great deal to devise some plan to continue his aid to Hall's wife and children without his mother's intervention, for up to the present time that had been easily accomplished through the same rare tact which he had inherited, but he knew Hall's disposition too well to risk any direct overtures. He had thought of offering them a home with him, but his good sense told him that would not do, and he despaired of ever finding a way out of his dilemma. There was no one whom he could trust and he saw that in losing his mother he was cut off from doing the good work which he had appointed for himself. His faithful lieutenant was gone and as the months slipped by and no suggestion came it gradually dawned upon him that it was not right for him to live alone, simply to lead an existence

devoted to self with no higher or better aim than to continue a successful business career and accumulate wealth to be thrown to the winds after his own death. It was no cold, calculating view that led him thus to contemplate marriage. On the contrary, it was the great warm heart of a man taking a man's view of the aims and possibilities of life. He was rich and alone. There were no possible entanglements, and it seemed to him that he would be sinning against nature and destiny to allow his own life to end it all. Why be born and exist and struggle and succeed? What was the end and aim of it all? So far there had been enough to stimulate and encourage and satisfy, but at once, with one blow, it was all gone—the object of affection and the means of doing good.

Gradually, reasonably, but none the less surely, it became a conviction that he must seek a helpmate—one who would enter into all his plans and become part of himself. But he was sorely puzzled as to just how he should go about it. His partners had often invited him to social gatherings at their homes, but so long as his mother could not be included it was out of the question with him. Her lack of education and social attainments were so vigorously insisted upon by herself that he had only tried to persuade her on one occasion to go with him. After that he felt that he would be wounding her pride if he suggested such a thing again and he religiously avoided the whole subject.

He would have preferred a continuance of the same conditions, but now that the barriers had been ruthlessly torn down, there was no reason why he should not at least experiment and test the social conditions which he had heard praised so much, as it seemed to him to constitute a reasonable part of human existence.

Therefore, as the period of mourning slipped by he began modestly to develop into a social creature, and found much

divertisement and occasionally real pleasure in the little companies which he attended. His own powers of conversation and entertainment were exceptionally good, and he soon became popular. His quick wit and clear head enabled him, after the first embarrassment of newness had worn off, to hold his own on all occasions; while his unflinching good temper and happy disposition, coupled with the kindest heart in the world, made him the ideal of the unpopular who failed of their proper share of attention, for he was prone to pick out some poor wall flower as an object of special attention.

It was probably in some such spirit that he asked Miss Amy Shackelford for the privilege of being her knight at supper on the occasion of a general gathering. He had not forgotten her father's treachery. Indeed, it probably occurred to him that she was not receiving as much attention as some of the other women and that of itself appealed to his gallantry. Besides, the young woman was comely and modest, and why should he condemn her for a thing which she probably knew nothing about. He found her a very pleasant and agreeable young person, and in the course of the conversation which ensued was able to forget her identity in the developing interest which he took in her conversational powers and her sensible views of men and events which appealed most strongly to him. None of the women he had met so far was quite so intelligent and broad minded. She had read extensively and to good purpose, and she developed unusual capacity for discussing those social problems which at that particular period agitated the public mind. The condition of the laboring classes, their needs and their relation to the employers of labor had attracted her attention and she was able to express intelligent views in a just and amiable spirit that seemed to him to be admirable, and the remainder of the evening

passed away before he quite realized it. She was certainly very attractive, he thought, and he asked himself many times whether it was fair either to himself or her to allow his acquaintance and interest to go farther, or whether it was not his duty to let it go at that and merely treat her politely hereafter.

He did not believe altogether in heredity, for he had known many children of renegade parents against whom no breath of suspicion could be breathed. And on the other hand many an upright parent was compelled to mourn the waywardness of offspring whose weakness could not be traced. But the thought of voluntary alliance with one whose relationship with a man who would have robbed him of his greatest accomplishment made it impossible to eliminate the miserable recollection which could never, probably, be forgotten by him, and suggested a problem which he

readily saw would be most difficult of just solution. If she were indeed the superior woman she seemed, and free from any taint, what right had he to allow the unpleasant past with which she had no connection to stand in the way of the happiness or usefulness of either? Ordinarily such doubts are quickly solved, and always in favor of the personal inclination, but Ryan's habit was to look ahead, and each important step was to him only part of a whole lifetime. To be linked irrevocably to an association which might destroy the happiness of both was not to be thought of. He could, no doubt, in time forgive, for that was his nature, but to forgive and still despise presented a state of affairs which was to be feared as to its possibilities. He would wait and see. In the meantime he might find that his interest was not deep seated and time might solve the problem.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## MAKING A "HAND" \* By Ernest McGaffey

THE haying season was on, and farm hands were not any too plentiful in such a new country. Most of the farmers calculated on doing their own work, except at harvest time. There was a big field of timothy on the Brown farm that was just drooping to be cut, and John's uncle had been getting ready for three days to get at it. The weather was hot, dry and stifling, but there had been signs and portents of a storm, and Uncle Tom had been a little afraid that if he started in with only one man to help him he might get the hay down and then have a storm catch him between field and barn, or between cutting and stacking. But he had made up his mind to go ahead the next morning, provided the weather looked favorable. So as he came in that night and got a piece of

bar soap preparatory to washing in the tin basin that lay outside on a basswood stump, he spoke to John. "Want to make a hand tomorrow?" he asked the boy.

Now this "making a hand" was a matter of some importance in that section of the country. It meant a day's work, whether done by man or boy. If a boy "made a hand" he was entitled not only to a man's wages, but to something vastly more. He was to take a mighty step forward in his own estimation, for as boys are usually pining to be men, this was a proceeding that anticipated time and added years of importance sometimes to mere urchins.

John had secretly envied his friend Ferris his prowess in this respect, for Ferris had "made a hand" so often that



the novelty had entirely worn off for him. But John, coming from the city, had hardly essayed a real man's work, excepting one day with the cattle and another time when he had gone to the timber for a load of wood. "I'd like to, first rate," he replied; "what do you want me to do, Uncle Tom?"

"We're going to cut that timothy on the east forty," said his uncle, "and I want you to take the rake and old Jack and follow the machine. We'll be out by daylight and I want to get as much done as possible. You get regular pay, you know, and you can drive a rake as well as anybody." John had driven a hay rake and knew the use of the lever sufficiently, and he felt no hesitancy in undertaking the job. So he said: "I'll be up before the sun shows, and do my best." That night after he had gone to bed he thought the matter out carefully and laid his plans to go a little slow at the beginning. Even if he got behind he believed that he could get along. He wondered if the men would try to "put up a job" on him and work so fast that he would be disgraced. In the same length of time they would distance him, and if they wanted to have a laugh on him they could do it. He thought and thought, and finally got up and trailed down stairs to the pantry. There he found some doughnuts and bread, some ham and apples, and these with a big bottle of milk he tied up in an old cloth. This lunch he hid, intending to tie it under the seat of the hay rake when he went to the field the next morning. "I'll eat my dinner in ten minutes," he said to himself, "and have fifty minutes to catch up in, anyway."

He was awake long before daylight and scurried down to the pantry and out to the barn, and had his dinner neatly hidden under the rake before anyone saw what he was doing. The way over the slope to the "east forty" was made in the dark almost, but when

the team that hauled the combined reaper and mower got there it was light enough to see. Mart Barr, who was driving them, was one of the best men in the country with a team, and he sailed in as if he was going to cut the hay all down in a few minutes. Uncle Tom was to follow after John and "cock" the hay as he raked it up. John was laboring under certain disadvantages with his horse. To begin with, it was a mule of a pale ecru color. Everyone called this mule "Yellow Jack" on account of his ears, which were of a saffron shade. He was a mournful looking beast, with a tail cut "paint brush" fashion, and a deceptive look of meekness in his large, sandy eyes. Jack had been branded on his right fore-shoulder while working for the government. If he was touched, or even brushed lightly, on that spot, he would "buck." If anyone was riding him at the time he would "buck" the rider until the rider was off, and then he would "buck" till he got the saddle off, and wind up by trying to "buck" the bridle and halter off. John knew this weakness on the part of his steed, and was afraid that the tall timothy might tickle the mule into an exhibition of his powers. But as it happened the hay did not arouse him. The work was not hard and called more for skill and care than for mere strength.

The hay rake was a set of long iron teeth, somewhat like a lady's comb in shape, crooked over with a curve and sweeping the ground a few inches apart. These teeth were set in a frame, and this frame was worked with a lever. When the rake had gathered a sufficient quantity of the hay that the mower had cut, the lever was raised and the gathered bunch of hay dropped. If the lever was raised too soon, there would not be enough hay to work with properly for the man who followed with a pitchfork. If too much hay was gathered up before you tipped the lever, you were in danger of tipping the rake



itself over, scaring the mule and scattering the hay. The secret was to keep your mind on your work and get just the right amount of hay in the rake and "h'ist" the lever at the right time. The boy was careful. What hay he raked was in clean bunches solidly packed, and he did not have any accidents. But he was getting away behind Mart Barr.

The sun shone down on the dry hay field and not a cloud floated by or drowsed on the glassy skies. Away off Tarkio way a buzzard wheeled above the river bottom, but beyond that there was no sign of bird life, except an occasional ground sparrow that darted out before the mower. Grasshoppers, little and big, hopped up and out as the mule's hoofs pounded along, and out beyond the hot air shimmered and quivered with the heat of a July day. The perspiration was trickling down John's brown cheeks and he mopped his tanned countenance frequently with the sleeves of his hickory shirt. It wasn't heavy work, but it was steady and painstaking. After him came Uncle Tom, and ahead of him went the mower, the rattle of its sharp toothed sickle sounding grittily in the timothy. Yellow Jack dropped his enormous ears and ambled on with the boy, who, perched on the rake, lifted and dropped the lever at regular intervals and pursued the even tenor of his way silently.

At twelve the horn blew with the mower in advance by a good distance. John's uncle and Mart Barr got on the team from the machine and started for the house, but the boy unhitched Yellow Jack and started for the spring. This was at the end of the field, and was so called because a little water always collected there, and by economy you could water one "beast critter" there. "Where you going?" called his uncle. "Ain't you coming to the house for dinner?" "No, I brought my dinner, and I'm going to water Jack and feed him out here." "All right," said his

uncle, and the boy "loped" off to the water and gave the mule a drink. Then he brought out some oats, and while the gray eyed brute was licking them up John bolted his own lunch. Then he hurried the surprised mule back to the rake, hitched up again, and slowly but steadily began to cut down the lead that Mart Barr had obtained in the morning. He was gratified to see that with the experience of the hours before dinner and the care he had taken, he could now work faster, and as the sun dipped over to the west from the dead center of high noon he was making splendid progress.

His uncle and Barr, both good feeders, and neither of them relishing any chopping off of the regular dinner hour, arrived in the field a few minutes after one o'clock. By that time John was nearly abreast of the machine and had his fighting blood up besides. Again the mower started on its rounds. The close headed timothy fell in level swaths as the bright blade darted back and forth, and the rattle of the machine came clashingly across the slopes. Following on came the patient mule and the tall rake, and the lever rose and fell monotonously. The tines of the pitchfork flashed and the bright sun burned blazingly in the copper sky. The heat was intense. A dry odor of cured and curing grasses rose up, and fine particles of dusty hay ascended and filled the boy's nostrils and got into his ears and down the back of his neck. "Making a hand" was no child's play on a July day in the hay field. But the joy of being able to keep up his end and his success in catching up at the noon hour braced and comforted him. The men worked without a word, except when they stopped to take a pull at a water jug or white stone which was filled with well water and lay in the shade of a cock of hay at one end of the field.

What a comfort a good swig of this was. John could take this jug in one

hand, flip it back on his elbow, and drink out of it with one hand just like a man could. The beads of cold sweat stood out on the neck of the jug whenever he picked it up, and he used to rub these cool globules off on his cheek before he tilted the jug for a drink.

And when the team was unhitched for the day and the tall ears of the mule also were pointed homeward, it was a proud boy who rode in dignified silence toward the barn, conscious of his success in "making a hand" and assured of his ability to do work just like a man.

## JOHN AND JANE • • • By Henry Rightor

[From the New Orleans Times-Democrat]

JOHN BARLEY was a hefty wight,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
He drank his gallon every night,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
His shoulders they were broad and square,  
His head he carried high in air,  
His merry eye glanced everywhere;  
Soho and down the meadow!

Jane Cowslip was a comely maid,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
Of man nor devil was afraid,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
She never dropped her bonny eye  
To any man, or low or high;  
Ye gods! how she went tripping by!  
Soho and down the meadow!

Upon a jolly Summer day,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
John Barley passed down Janie's way,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
He looked at Janie up and down,  
He was a swain of great renown,  
She stood six feet and wore a frown;  
Soho and down the meadow!

"A kiss, I prithee, pretty Janie!"  
Soho and down the meadow!  
"The chance may never come again."  
Soho and down the meadow!  
"I tell you, Master John," said she,  
"That man shall kiss me fair and free  
Who can in strength out rival me."  
Soho and down the meadow!

Bewildered stood John Barley there,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
Uprolled her sleeves the lassie fair,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
Said John: "I must fare on, I fear,"

Said Jane: "You wouldn't leave me here!  
A moment, John! I'll help you, dear."  
Soho and down the meadow!

She caught John Barley by the wrist,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
And gave him half a Nelson twist,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
She barely gave him time to blow,  
Then threw him high and threw him low,  
Out-wrestling him on every throw;  
Soho and down the meadow!

And when exhausted Barley lay,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
The doughty maid stood fresh and gay.  
Soho and down the meadow!  
"You may not kiss me, Barley man,  
By wrestling, yet kiss me you can;"  
And, speaking thus, away she ran;  
Soho and down the meadow!

John Barley leaped unto his feet,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
Took after Janie, fair and fleet,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
Away upon the road he clips,  
When, heaven! buxom Janie trips!  
John kisses her upon the lips,  
Soho and down the meadow!

Ah, many dainty Cowslips blow,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
Whom Love contentious cannot throw,  
Soho and down the meadow!  
But when, consenting, they are fraught  
With that fair flame that Venus taught,  
They make it easy to be caught.  
Soho and down the meadow!

## "LITTLE JIM-BOY"

By Annie M. Barnes

SUMMERVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

IN the year 1820, the city of Charleston, South Carolina, nestled along the peninsula formed by the junction of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, uplifted a serene and prosperous front to the lapping waves of the Atlantic. Elegance and luxury spoke in every glistening pillar of the white mansions looking out to sea, while refinement and culture had left their impress in the beautiful gardens surrounding them. For all this upper strata of luxury and beauty there was the substantial subsoil of a commerce that held dominion over the whole South Atlantic slope, and a business credit that extended from Yeddo and the Sea of Japan to Liverpool and the British Isles.

As in the serenest expanse of blue there may gather an almost indefinable haze, dimly, yet unpleasantly portentous of a coming cloud, so across the background of this fair and smiling picture skeleton fingers had already begun to trace the faint and mysterious outlinings of a chill and ghastly shadow. Just how long these haunting shades had been defining themselves in tangible outline across the mental vision, no man could say. Surely not so far back as 1671, when Sir John Yeamans, one of the earliest of the colonial governors, with his ship freshly laden from Barbadoes, had come sailing up the west bank of the Ashley and landed his cargo of 200 slaves in the midst of the little colony of whites on Oyster Point. If there was then even the faintest foreshadowing in the serene blue of the sky, no man saw it or dreamed that it was there.

Nearly a century and a half had gone by since the coming of Sir John's slave ship had instituted a new and momentous departure from the old regime of

labor. Other speculators, dazzled by the financial success of the bold navigator, had daringly, and let us hope blindly, imitated his example. Now, scarcely a month passed that some slave ship, often as many as four and five, did not disgorge at the wharves of Charleston cargoes of wretched black humanity. Already the city had been filled, and the overflow extended to the islands.

From its earliest days, the colony of South Carolina had been distinctively a planting colony. From the time that the first experiment made with the seeds of the rice plant, brought from Madagascar, had proven both an agricultural and a monetary success, that and the "fleecy staple" had become the Aladdin's lamps of wealth that made princes of their planters. But what would even these wonderful lamps have been in themselves without the magical touch of the black Aladdins to compel from the geni of the earth the richest of his treasures?

It was the custom of these planters to have their Winter residences in Charleston and their Summer homes out on the islands. Here also were the plantations, extending for miles up and down the coasts, each of them stocked with hundreds of slaves and sometimes employing as many as eight and ten overseers.

What wonder, then, that when these slaves outnumbered the whites twenty to one, when already the seeds of rebellion against the cruelty of overseers had been sown broadcast, when more than one open uprising had taken place, that those grimly portentous shapes should begin to creep across the sky? When the storm would burst no man could say, but that the gathering clouds

presaged a tempest was plain even to the most unobservant.

If the Huguenot and cavalier blood had given to the society of Charleston an impetus toward a life of opulence and ease, so the sturdy old Scotch and Irish infusion brought a steadying pulse that was like a rugged foundation stone beneath an array of rich lettering. Among this latter class were many of the merchants and tradesmen of the city. They, too, owned slaves, but instead of being sent to work on plantations they were put to labor in the warehouses, the factories and various furniture establishments.

One of the solid business firms of Charleston of that day was that of Joshua Neville & Son. They had a large undertaking and furniture establishment on Meeting street near Market. Many slaves worked in this establishment, but with only two of them is it our purpose to deal; with one in particular. Father and son they were, yet I doubt if a more distinctly drawn contrast has ever existed. "Little Jim-Boy" stood five feet two inches in the shoes which nature had given him. His face was wrinkled like the outer hull of a walnut that has dried too quickly. He had white teeth that a belle might have envied, and the whites of his eyes were the whitest ever seen. From each the little round, restless iris shone forth as a glittering black bead might shine from the heart of a cotton flake. His frame was small, wiry, and tough as that of a marsh pony. Looking at the well carded tags of wool, crisp and black as those that make the glory of a young sheep's back, it would have been hard to believe that already the suns of sixty Summers had done their best to bleach it.

"Big Jim" was the tallest negro in the establishment. He towered above all the others as a post oak towers above blackjacks. He had a big head and a big body, and a big way that gave

him a bigger appearance still. His hair was combed out as straight as nature would permit, and parted at the side with a precision and neatness that were wonderful, considering the difficulties to be overcome. There was very little of the whites of his eyes showing, and the changing shades in the iris reminded one of the shadows borne about by shifting winds. But there was nothing either shifting or shiftless about "Big Jim."

There was not in all the establishment a better workman. Repeatedly his master had been heard to declare: "If I had a half dozen such negroes as Big Jim, they would make my fortune!" He had scarcely ever to be corrected; had never given his masters a word of impudence; had never felt the cut of the whip; and, most glorious record of all in the eyes of his dusky brethren, had never been in the guard house! Of his honesty and faithfulness there seemed no question, and, young as he was, his masters had already begun to trust him as they trusted none other of their slaves.

It was the wonder of both whites and blacks as to how such a graceless scamp as "Little Jim-Boy" could have had so model a son. No one appeared more mystified than did Rachel herself, the wife and mother, respectively, of "Little Jim-Boy" and "Big Jim."

"Da' boy ain' no mo' lak (like) 'e farder dan if him was a bean out'n ernother hull!" she would frequently declare.

Poor "Little Jim-Boy!" It seemed as if he had started out from the first to see how little claim he could lay to the habiliments of respectability. From the day that, as a grace forsaken young scamp, he had begun his career in depravity by eating the mocking bird's food, down to the present, when the almost daily torment of his master's life was in getting him out of the guard-house, his case did appear most dismally hopeless. He early developed the tak-

ing propensity. Things seemed to stick as naturally to "Little Jim-Boy's" fingers as cockle burrs to the sheep's back. When any article was missing, they had only to go and look about Jim's bed for it. Strange to say, he was never known to dispose of anything, nor did he ever take anything of great value. The straw filled tick of his bed was usually a regular jackdaw's hole of slyly purloined articles, in eight cases out of ten wholly worthless.

Somehow, despite all this, there was something unaccountably and irresistibly winning about the seemingly worthless and exasperating little atom of black humanity, that even now, when the winds of sixty Winters had chilled the once vigorous sap in the veins, had all the happy-heartedness of a child. It was impossible to stay long provoked with him. The spirit of mischief seemed as naturally a part of him as the black eye was of the pea.

"I can't believe he is as bad as he seems," his master declared again and again. "There surely is something good in one who will pick up a poor little starved and beaten dog and bring it home to wash its sores and give it food."

Yes, Jim had done this, the same Jim who had stolen the mocking bird "egg and tater." And somehow, as the years crept on, just such little deeds as these, only sometimes much greater, gave a brightening touch to the tarnished coin of Jim's character. But as the dog with the bad name can never be seen to do anything good, so eyes long accustomed to the lusterless surface of Jim's outer mold were blind to these glimmerings of the pure gold. He had burned his hands to blisters while putting out the blazing clothing of a poor, half-witted negro girl, when every man and woman in the kitchen at the time had taken to their heels in fright. He had remained up all night moistening the lips and fanning the fever scorched

brow of a child the heartless mother had left to itself; but, bravest of all, Jim had plunged downward amid the foul gases of a loathsome sink to the rescue of a baby a careless nurse had dropped. No one expected to see Jim or the baby alive again; but with the pluck of a young grizzly and the agility of a cat, he climbed out safely with his burden, though he fainted dead away when the upper air was reached.

There was one, however, not so blind as the others. This was Jim's master. He saw the gleam of the pure metal here and there, but even he was hopeless that the coin would ever become wholly bright or promising.

Three times in as many weeks the master had paid "Little Jim-Boy's" fine at the guard house and released him ere the overseers could administer the sound strapping that was the penalty. All sorts of tricks the wiry little negro had played upon the guardsmen. He had even stolen their rattles, sounding them at another portion of the street, causing the men to flee thither, thinking one of their brother guardsmen in urgent need. Jim would stay out after hours, and his natural bent toward mischief plunged him into an endless sea of trouble.

"Jim, you rascal," his master said to him one morning, "do you know that this is the fourth time in as many weeks I have paid you out of the guard house? A small pile of good money wasted on a trifling scam it is, I must say."

"Yes, Mossa," replied Jim humbly.

"Jim," reproachfully, "what makes you do it? Why do you try me so? Why do you stay out on the streets after drumbeat? And why will you persist in making trouble for the guardsmen?"

"I dunno, Mossa," replied Jim hopelessly. "Jim's feet jus' natchally tek him into mischief. Dey jus' ha'nt dem places dey orten't to ha'nt, Mossa, lak de hungry dog roun' de markit house."

When those first faint portentous



shadowings had outlined themselves across the serene blue of the sky, the Nevilles, father and son, had been among those who felt little alarm. But now, when the phantom-like shapes had assumed a more grimly determined aspect, vague feelings of uneasiness began to stir within them. Yet, like the more hopeful ones, they could not believe otherwise than that if the turbulent elements did break forth they would be easily quelled. All looked toward the islands as the seat of the threatened outbreak. Little thought was taken of the city, beyond the unpleasant one that it would very likely not wholly escape.

As to their own slaves the Nevilles had few anxious forebodings. They had all, with one or two exceptions, been raised in the family. The older Neville would as soon have expected to see his own children rise against him as one of his slaves raise hand to harm a hair of his head or those dear to him.

"Of one thing we are assured," both father and son frequently declared, "whatever comes and whoever turns, Big Jim will stand firm. We would as soon look for the heavens to fall as for Big Jim to turn traitor!" And indeed Big Jim seemed at this time more determined than ever to show himself worthy of the trust. He prayed regularly twice a week in the kitchen. He took charge of various class meetings and love feasts, while his devoutly attentive face was never absent from its place in the gallery of the white people's church. His masters were more assured of him than ever; his mother nearly overcome by her pride in him.

"Dat boy has jus' got de words as natchal as de preacher! Him talk sweet as de bee gettin' honey out o' de jes'mine."

So great indeed was the confidence placed by his masters in this unusual slave that he could, whenever he desired,

secure from them a privilege that was at this time granted to none other of their slaves. This was a pass to certain neighboring islands, a liberty now generally prohibited by the slave owners of the city in view of the momentous aspect of the times. But "Big Jim" got this pass whenever he desired it. It was believed that "Big Jim" was zealously sowing the seeds of the gospel and that influence was not to be gained now.

Anyone who had given time to the study of the varying phases of the moods of "Little Jim-Boy" about this time, would have observed a peculiar change in his conduct toward his son. His restless little eyes seemed constantly upon "Big Jim," yet not with open or steady glance. They were rather the covert ones with which a hidden ground squirrel might watch the movements of a great dog he feared. It was noticeable, too, that he spoke less to "Big Jim" than heretofore, but when in his company now remained moody and silent. This change Rachel joyfully attributed to a conviction of sin. The noble example of the son was surely having its effect upon the father. Many fervent "Bress Gods!" Rachel uttered in consequence. One day, however, her castles had a sad tumble through certain words she overheard "Little Jim-Boy" say to "Big Jim:"

"Yisterd'y, as I was comin' home f'om de markit, I see you hangin' 'bout de corner wid dat bad aig ob a nigger, Denmark Veazy. What you t'ink Mossa goin' say when he hear dat?"

"Big Jim's" face was an expanded exclamation point of mild rebuke as he turned it upon his father.

"Him call to me, an' I no he'p but stop. De bressid Moster turn roun' to pass words wid eben de leper. Mus' Jim be mo' stiff necked dan de bressid Moster? But Brudder Denmark," he added with vehemence, "him no longer one bad aig as you call 'im. Him done



sperunced (experienced) de stirrin' at him soul, and hab axed for a seat in de meetin' house."

"Him one bad aig, I tell you! Him one bad aig!" Little Jim reiterated with a persistency that seemed wholly unjust in the light of the evidence advanced.

One evening not long after that the elder Neville was much surprised by the application of "Little Jim-Boy" for a pass to M—— Island.

"I can't do it, Jim, my boy," he returned kindly yet firmly. "It is against the rules now."

"But, Mossa," pathetically, "you gib one to Big Jim ever' time he ax you. What's yer po' yillie Jim-Boy done dat you can't show 'im de same trus' you gib Big Jim?"

"You know very well, Jim, what is the cause of my denial. It isn't, my poor fellow, that I believe you would wilfully go wrong, but you are weak, Jim, and easily persuaded."

"O, Mossa, if I was on'y a white mon wid a white mon's purty words to show you what's in po' yillie Jim-Boy's heart dis night! You's er wrongin' yo' nigger, Mossa, wid a wrong dat cuts lak de knife. O Mossa, Mossa, you t'inks as how him won' do to trus'! You bliebs he goin' brek' an' run w'en de trouble comes, or elst be foun' wid dem as brings it. O, Mossa, kind gemplemon Mossa, de whole worl' might gib a deaf ear to yo' wailin's in de night, yo' own chillrens turn de back an' leab you, but Yillie Jim-Boy, yo' po' yillie Jim-Boy what you can't trus', him stick to you to de las', eben troo fire, Mossa."

If master and slave could have realized at this moment how prophetic these words were to prove!

"Little Jim-Boy" did not get his pass, even with all this pathetic eloquence.

That very evening, as a small boat containing "Big Jim," Denmark Veazy and another negro, all triumphantly armed with passes, shot boldly out from

the foot of Tradd street, another and a much smaller one followed cautiously. One peculiarity of this boat was that it had more the appearance of an old log than a boat. On M—— Island two scores or more of whites, lured into heavy slumber through cunningly administered potions, slept in blissful unconsciousness of the awful shadows even then closing about them. The soft night winds rustling the stiff fronds of the palmettoes sounded no ghostly alarms. The pale moon hanging like the blade of a harvest sickle above the tops of the tall tulip trees mirrored on its serene surface no reflex of the turbulent scenes upon which it looked. The storm had indeed burst, or rather the destroying elements had come together with a grimly determined force.

On the night of July 3, 1820, the mayor of Charleston sat lost in the contemplation of a weighty matter that for the past two days had engrossed his attention. Three-quarters past eleven sounded from the chimes of St. Michael's, and still he bent over his papers. Suddenly, and without any previous sound or warning, a wet and tattered figure came swirling with the headlong sweep of a bat into the room. It struck with a thud against the table, and hung there apparently motionless, as a bat might have clung to the ceiling.

The surprised and indignant mayor was on the point of dragging this figure to the door and summoning a patrolman, when something unaccountably thrilling in the gesture with which the little black figure flung itself to its knees before him stayed his hand.

"O, Mossa Mayor, don't call de gyardmon; don't! don't! Mossa, if you hab me lock up, all's los'!"

"What do you mean? Speak out! Who are you?"

"Mossa, me Yillie Jim, Mossa Josherway Nebbil's Yillie Jim. Mossa lib on Meetin' street clost to Markit. You know him! I see you know him! Mossa,

for God's sake lis'en to what Yillie Jim goin' tell you dis night. Dere ain't one single, bressid minute to lose. Lis'en, Mossa, lis'en! When de clock soun' twelb in Sain' Mikeyel's stepil, an' de Fourf o' July is yere, den de city goin' be fired by de blacks in more'n a dozen places. O, Mossa, don't stan' dere as dough you never blieb one single word o' what Yillie Jim-Boy sayin'! Dis ver' night me hear de whole t'ing from de tulip tree dat hang ober de myrtle t'icket. At dis ver' minute dem as is to set de city on fire is in dere places. Dis where you fin' 'em: lis'en, Mossa."

Rapidly he told off a dozen prominent portions of the city.

"When de fire leap up an' de people rush out," Jim continued breathlessly, "den dey goin' kill de men an' tek de women an' chillern an' 'scape back to de islan's, where dey goin' finish de work. O, Mossa, sen' de gyardmon, quick! quick!"

"But tell me," the mayor began.

The sentence was never finished, for at that moment, clear and mellow, came the first chime of twelve from the steeple of St. Michael's.

With a terrified movement Little Jim leapt to his feet, and, not waiting to reach the door, shot through the open window.

There was now but the one thought leaping upward in his breast. This was the thought of his master and that master's dear ones. While he had turned aside to warn the city through its mayor, what might not have happened to the master beloved and those dear as the apple of his eye?

With no thought of himself, no thought of what he should do if he came suddenly upon any of those whose horrible plot he had that night revealed, "Little Jim-Boy" sped on. Once, as a furious drumbeat sounded from the vicinity of the guard house, followed by an unusual commotion from the great

bell of St. Michael's, he turned suddenly and gazed behind him with a half startled, half comprehensive movement, then renewed his speed. His flying feet seemed scarcely to touch the pavement, his breath came quick and labored, the fire within his breast had burst into hot and choking flames. Already ahead of him a sullen copper glow had begun to define itself with angry persistence against the sky. O, God! If, after all, he should be too late!

Once a mighty groan burst from him, followed by a muffled cry, and then the words: "O my God! what Yillie Jim done? What Yillie Jim done? Him gone on to sabe dem as is no part o' him, wid no t'ought o' de one as is flesh o' him flesh an' blood o' him blood. Moss' Jesus, Moss' Jesus, tell Yillie Jim him doin' right! Show him dat de voice speakin' in him heart at dis minute is de voice to follow."

As "Little Jim-Boy" came in sight of the quaint old house with its square of pretty garden at the side and the tall Pride of India tree swaying above it, the devouring flames had already seized it. The street was filled with hurrying forms. Men, women and children stood huddled together in groups beneath the trees. Not only one house but others in that square were burning. At one side a half dozen patrolmen were keeping guard over three times as many bound and sullen forms, but none of this Jim saw. His eyes, his thoughts were all upon the lurid mass of flames curling high above the Pride of India tree. He stumbled upon his young master, safe, but scorched and temporarily blinded from injuries received while saving wife and child. But where, O where was "Ole Mossa?" The words came in a wailing cry from "Little Jim-Boy" and he had his answer in the terrified faces about him and the frantic exclamations. "Ole Mossa" was in an upper room. He had been forgotten, for the

moment, in the confusion. No doubt he was by this time suffocated by the fumes of the smoke and unable to save himself. The entire lower part of the house seemed wrapped in flames. What hope was there for him?

"Ole Mossa, kind gemplemon Mossa," cried Jim as he rushed frantically toward the burning house. "Yillie Jim sabe you, else him goin' die in de fire wid you!"

The next moment he was climbing the Pride of India tree as he had never climbed it in those days when he had played pranks on the guardsmen and flown thither to conceal himself. What energy there was in those wiry black legs! How those monkey-like arms twisted and wound about the swaying limbs!

The flames had not yet reached the room where "Ole Mossa" lay, but it was filled with smoke and flying cinders, while little tongues of flame were already beginning to play about its outer walls. It took all Little Jim's courage to fight his way through those blinding, choking clouds of smoke, but at last he had his master's unconscious form in his arms. Yet how was it possible to reach the ground with so heavy a burden? The stairway was a mass of flames; the only hope of escape was by the veranda. But almost at the moment he thought of it a fact struck Jim with staggering force. To attempt to leap from the veranda to the street with his master in his arms would no doubt mean certain death for both. Why did not some one bring a ladder? Were they all lunatics in the street below? Again Jim fought his way into the room. He swept the sheets from the bed; he tore them into strong shreds, and knotted the ropes thus formed about the old man's body. With a shout to those below, and a strength born of sudden desperation, he swung the form clear of the flames and into the blanket outstretched to receive it.

The mad flames were now revelling all about the veranda. The floor trembled beneath Jim's feet. Smoke poured into his eyes, while twisting tongues of flame began to lick and scorch his bare legs. With a bound he reached the corner of the angle in the railing. He strained every nerve for the leap into the Pride of India tree. Alas, he miscalculated the distance, or no doubt it was, after all, that his strength was expended. There was the crash of a body falling through the tree, then the sickening thud with which it struck the ground.

They picked him up and placed him on the same blanket where his master lay. His back was broken, the blood trickled from mouth and nostrils, but his heart still beat.

As Mr. Neville opened his eyes in returning consciousness there was a sudden commotion near the upper end of the street. Directly a heavy black body, panting as a great dog pants whose legs have borne him a hard chase, precipitated itself at his feet.

"O, Mossa, Mossa, sabe Big Jim! Him hab done nuttin; yet de gyardmon a'ter him, an' two sogers!"

"Why are you pursuing him?" the old man asked faintly, as the men came running up. "He is the last one in the world knowingly to commit an offense."

"There you are mistaken, sir," one of the soldiers replied. "He is one of the three ringleaders in this horrible plot to destroy the city. We caught him in the very act of firing a building. Thwarted in this, he sprang to strike down an old man who had just rushed from the burning house next door. My own bayonet stayed the fall of his hatchet."

"There surely is some terrible mistake!"

"There is none, sir. We must take him."

Struggling like some wild beast, raving, swearing fearful oaths now that

the mask had been dropped, "Big Jim" was led away.

The master shuddered and covered his eyes to shut out the terrible sight, his ears that they might be dulled to the still more terrible sounds. When he opened his eyes again it was to see for the first time the figure lying so still upon the blanket beside him.

"Little Jim-Boy! Little Jim-Boy!" he exclaimed anxiously.

"He saved you from the burning house," a voice replied, "and fell as he was himself seeking to escape. His back is broken, poor fellow! He will die!"

"Little Jim-Boy! Little Jim-Boy!"

The old man's voice was low and broken by sobs, but it reached the soul even then nearing the confines of the unseen world, and called it back with a smile that stamped itself in infinite beauty upon the withered black face.

"Ole Mossa! Ole Mossa!" The voice quavered like the wind stirring through the reeds of a broken instrument. He made superhuman effort and raised his head to his hands. He looked full into his master's eyes. There was a glory in his own that even death could not quench; a pathos, too, words could not describe.

"Ole Mossa! Ole Mossa! say as you could no longer fear to trus' yo' po' Yillie Jim. Say's if you could go back to the pas' you'd gib him de ticket same as you did Big Jim. O, Mossa, 'twas on'y for to watch de res' Yillie Jim want it. Him know what was comin'! O, Mossa, say as you'd gib de ticket to

Yillie Jim now! Say it, Mossa, say it!"

"I would, my poor boy. O, I would! I would! My God! how blind I have been!"

Up a little nearer yet "Little Jim-Boy" dragged himself, every inch of gain an added weight of torture.

"O Mossa, I jus' wan' er look at you clost onct mo'! I just wan' er tek you by de han' an' tell you—an' tell you—how glad—how glad—O, good, kind, gemplemon Mossa, Yillie Jim is glad to—to—die for you!"

The hand but half way out in its wistful quest quivered and was still, then Little Jim's head lay upon his master's breast, his master's arm around him.

Three days later, on seven scaffolds erected in one of the most public portions of the city, the three ringleaders of the insurrection with eighteen of their accomplices were hanged. Among them was "Big Jim," who died blaspheming to the last.

A document issued about the same time by the city of Charleston provided for the freedom of the slave known as "Little Jim-Boy Neville," "for and in consideration of the most inestimable service he had rendered to said city on the night of July 3, 1820." It further set apart a sufficient sum for the purchase of a house and lot, a mule and a dray, with provision for a free license in any business in which the said Jim might wish to engage.

But this document was never executed, for Little Jim had entered into a far better freedom—that of the Great White Home on high.

## PEACE      ✻      By J. Beverley Robinson

**B**EHIND the darkling ridge the sun goes down,  
 With one last burst of flaming golden glory;  
 It leaves the lake beneath without a frown,  
 Of perfect peace the perfect allegory.

# A PRISONER IN THE HANDS OF DE WET

By Robert M'Caw

FORT NIobrARA, NEBRASKA

WHEN the regiment (the Royal Scots Fusiliers) came down from Natal, I was left sick at Cape Town, along with a good many more, but I was now fully recovered and was working my way back to the regiment and my company. On the nineteenth day of July, at three in the morning, we left Bloemfontein on a train of loaded trucks. There were eighty of us, all told, and we were perched on top of the swaying loads from end to end of the train wherever we could find room to hang on. We were lying on the top of a truck laden with sacks of corn at the end of the train, but it swayed so dreadfully that the sacks were falling off, and every moment that the sacks would fall we expected to be thrown off ourselves; so that when we stopped for supper at six o'clock at night in Kroonstadt, we were glad to shift from our car to the one in the very front. There were several men on it already, and by lying close we would be a little warmer. I climbed up, and when the train left the station after dark we clutched our rifles with the one hand and held ourselves on with the other, at the same time trying to keep wrapped up in our blankets, for there was a very cold wind blowing. When we reached Honing Spruit, about ten miles out, the train stopped again, and I heard an official tell the driver that fifteen hundred Boers had crossed the line the night before and we were to be on our guard; but the driver had got his orders and decided to chance it. We steamed on again. It was very dark, for there was neither moon nor stars. Whenever the furnace door was thrown open the glare from the fire lit up our car and the forms and faces of the men on it, and I could not help thinking what a good mark we would

make for snipers. I drew the blanket over my head and tried to sleep, but the engine gasped so breathlessly as she struggled up the hill, and the load on which I lay jolted and swayed so sickeningly that I could not close my eyes.

About four miles out from Honing Spruit the train drew up with a sudden jerk, almost throwing us from our precarious perches.

Her vacuum tube was broken. We knew in a moment what that meant. Instantly every man was awake and grasping his rifle. In the pitchy darkness we saw the spitting flame of rifles, and the whole country seemed to swarm with mounted men. I heard somebody saying: "My God, we'll all be killed if we can't drive them back and get down from here." We were all loading and firing as fast as we could, in an agony of desperation, and bullets buzzed about us like swarming bees. The man on my right was shot through the thigh; he leapt up with a shriek of pain, as if the shock had drawn all his nerves together with a jerk. Another bullet took him in the forehead and he fell dead, bumping against my side. I heard wild cries and curses along the train, and there was an endless cracking and flashing of rifle fire. At the other end of the truck a man shrieked "O God!" and rolled on his back, with his hands grasping at the air, and squirming in his agony he fell over the side with a horrid smash. I turned sick. It was a hell of leaping fire and spitting bullets; the shouts and curses of men; dark figures speeding on horseback, and wild, white faces rimmed with red in the furnace glare; and hissing, roaring steam as the engine struggled to lift its load, with the wheels clattering as they slipped on the rails, for the brakes were hard



against it and the hill was steep. For half an hour we held them back, and in that half hour I lived through years of agony, and every moment seemed to feel the burning of the bullets through my flesh. Our ammunition was exhausted, and we heard the Boers crying: "Up hands, surrender!" What could we do but surrender? It was hopeless to try to hold out longer with no ammunition. The Boers had closed up on the train. One cried in English, "Get down, and mind you keep your hands up." We dropped sullenly from the trucks, muttering and swearing—a drop of nine feet. Strange that men should swear thus in the face of death, but it is even so. One stumbled and put down his hands to save himself from falling. He was immediately shot dead through the back. They lined up along the train: fifteen hundred men under Theron, with two British fifteen-pounders captured at Colenso, and one pompom (non-effective). The train was set on fire, after they had taken our rifles and such stores as the spare horses could carry, for they had no baggage or army wagons. They told us afterward that we had thirty killed and twenty wounded, but I have learned since that our loss was but five killed and nine wounded. The command divided into two sections, each taking a number of prisoners.

We marched nineteen miles to De Wet's camp or "laager" and the night was dark as the mouth of a pit. I could have sworn that we marched thirty, but a scout with whom I afterward got friendly told me the distances. When we reached the laager an old man came over to where we were drawn up in line and spat in our faces, calling us "English pigs" and all the vile names he could think of, and said that if the general would give him permission he would cut the throats of all of us.

We lay for the rest of the morning on the bare veldt, for we had left our blankets. It was dreadfully chilly, and I

could not sleep. Just before daybreak I was sitting near a fire, at which an old, white haired man was cooking a ration, and seeing me watching him so hungrily he called me over. Perhaps it was because I was the youngest looking of the whole party, or perhaps he had taken a fancy to me, but he asked my age and where I came from. He said that he had a son the same age as myself killed by the British at Peiter's Hill, along with an elder brother. Then he talked about his family. At one time he had seven sons in the field, but two were killed at Pieter's Hill and one at Magersfontein and the remaining four were with him now. He called them over and talked with them. They were fine strapping fellows, the youngest a boy of nine years, who carried a rifle and fought along with his brothers. When I asked for a drink, he sent this boy to a well more than a mile away to bring me some water. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we were marched up in front of the only tent in the laager, which was DeWet's headquarters. DeWet came out, accompanied by ex-President Steyn and a brother of that Prinsloo whom General Hunter captured in the Orange Free State. He counted us and asked where we had been going and what regiments we belonged to. He spoke very pleasantly and said that it was the fortune of war that we had been taken prisoners, and that we would very likely have a hard time of it for awhile, but it couldn't be avoided. Concerning food, he had not much to give, but such as it was, depend upon it, we would get our share. At midday they forsook the laager, taking everything away. There was a convoy about three miles long, mostly bullock carts, with two fifteen-pounder guns, two twelve-pounders, one disabled pompom, and one quick-firing Colt gun.

We trekked or marched for twenty-two miles, but a dreadful thunder storm

came up, with a heavy, sheeting rain that turned the veldt to a bog and made it impossible to go any further, as the wagons were continually breaking down or getting stuck in ruts in the sticky mud of the track, that ran with water like a mountain stream. When it fell dark we camped near a roaring, muddy stream, the prisoners lying like pigs in the mud, with no blankets or shelter of any kind, and the rain pouring mercilessly down upon us. We were all ravenous with hunger, and when a mess of wet mealie meal was served out to us it was put in a Kaffir pot to boil, but we could not wait for it cooking; we were delving into it with our grimy hands before it was even warm. Next day we marched twenty-four miles. We always marched with our guards, who were mounted, behind the convoy, while the fighting men were way in the rear keeping back the column that we knew was pursuing us, for all day we heard their guns going. Three of Marshall's horse were taken prisoners that day while out scouting, and they told us that Methuen was chasing us very hard. On the next day we marched till long after darkness had fallen. With the night came a heavy thunder storm, with blinding lightning, which made the thick cords of pouring rain glitter like strings of diamonds and showed us limitless miles of bare, rain lashed, God forsaken veldt, in which a rat could not have found shelter. We halted at eight o'clock in a darkness so thick that the men cursed the lightning for blinding them. Our guards told us that we would be taken into shelter. We were driven to a low lying piece of swampy ground near a stream where the water and mud were so deep that we could not lie down, and there we stood, huddled together like beasts, in the pouring rain until nearly midnight. Then our guards led us down into a donga, through a stream waist deep, and up the further bank, to a tin shed, cursing us all the time

for being the cause of so much trouble. The shed was about twenty feet by twelve, and we were crammed in, close packed like herring. The men who were in first lay down, but there was not room for all to lie, much less stand, and we crowded in, half lying, half sitting, in a solid, clustering mass of miserable humanity, threatened with instant death if we dared for a moment to show our faces at the door, and breathing the horrid, clammy, steaming atmosphere from wet clothes and heavy breaths. All night long the guards paced up and down before the door. No language can describe the ghastly misery of the awful night; man's wildest dreams have never plumbed its depths. Even yet, when the nights are wild and wet, I find myself with straining ear listening for the tramp of heavy boots that squelch and splash in the sticky, sludgy mud outside the door, or the swish of rain on the roof, and fancy that the steaming mist that rises from the huddled bodies is stifling me. In the morning the rain was over, and the sun's rays shot in a watery glare along the drenched face of the far reaching, desolate veldt.

For five days the Boers were hemmed in here, and could neither advance nor retire. In all that time we only saw DeWet once, accompanied, as usual, by his gaunt shadow, Steyn. Nobody dared speak to him at such a time. For the first two days we heard the continuous thunder of the British guns and saw the shells bursting along the ridges that were held by the Boers about a mile off. We were somewhere in the Orange Free State near the Vaal River. Every day prisoners were brought in, and our number was growing. One day it was one of Marshall's horse, wounded; next day two Seventeenth Lancers; next day four Marshall's; and again two of Strathcona's. Some of them when brought in had poultry hanging to their saddles. The horses and accoutrements were taken from them, but they

were allowed to keep the fowls. One day some of the Boers who had been out on a reconnaissance came in and bragged about having wrecked a train near Bank, killing a number of men of the Shropshire regiment. On the last day of our stay twelve of the sick prisoners were sent away on a wagon to Fridaport Boer hospital. We learned from a scout that this hospital was captured next day by the British. On the first of August DeWet discovered a way out of this trap. We marched nineteen miles and camped beside the Vaal river. Every day fresh prisoners were added to our company, and now it was French's scouts, and now mounted infantry; but the Boers had prisoners of their own apart from us. There were about thirty foreigners and Boers who would not break their oaths, but these were allowed to ride on the carts. They used to wave their hands to us and cry: "How goes it, troops?" which was rather a quaint form of salutation.

All this time I believe we were somewhere in the Free State, but we doubled and dodged so continuously that I was completely at a loss. On the fourth of August we heard the guns going on both sides, both British and Boer. Metheun had caught up with us again. At night the Boer signals flashed down into the camp from the outpost among the hills. By this time DeWet's command had grown to 6,000 or 7,000 strong, composed of various smaller commands under their own leaders, but all acting under his orders. For all these men there was only one doctor, a German, who treated our sick very well. He was at a big disadvantage, however, as he had to carry all his medicines and instruments in his pockets or on his saddle. He was wearying to get away, as he was in a sense a prisoner. Of course the command was not always so strong, because every day parties of two to five hundred were going out on their own account, scouring the whole coun-

try, and doing as much damage as they could. They always returned to headquarters wherever DeWet was. The commanders of these small scouting parties always knew where he was making for and what route he intended taking. Next day the guns were still going, and we could see the shells bursting on the hills. One night a man of the Welsh Fusiliers escaped by hiding in a hole in the river bank and swimming across to Transvaal territory in the darkness, where he soon fell in with a British column.

How we all survived that dreadful time is a mystery. We were all in utter rags and swarming with vermin. Our boots were worn out, and most of us marched with putties or pieces of bag wrapped round our feet. One night (the nights were so dreadfully cold) I burned the putties off my feet through lying too close to a fire. Another time I burned my tunic through rolling on a fire in my sleep. The mind cannot grasp the awful wretchedness, the hellish mystery, of that weary trek. One afternoon a sergeant of the Welsh Fusiliers sat down on the roadside, dead beat, and leaned his head on his hands; his limbs had given out, and even his heart refused to carry him further. One of the guards went up and lashed him with his whip, but the man did not stir. There was a volley of oaths and the cruel lash curled around his neck. The man looked up; there were white furrows on his face where the tears had run down. "God Almighty!" he sobbed, "has the soul gone out of the world? Have men with reason sunk lower than the beasts?" The whip turned with a hiss around his face amidst a volley of curses and kicks—"Get up, you English pig, get up!" Through all those days of suffering most of the men retained their indomitable spirit.

When we crossed the Vaal at Schurman's Drift there was a house in which lived an Englishman with his wife, who

came to the door to see the convoy pass. The prisoners jibed and jeered at him, telling him that he wouldn't live in comfort long, as there were those coming who would make him account for his presence there. His wife was a soft spoken Dutch woman who seemed much distressed at the state we were in. Imagine us with matted hair, and wild, unshaven faces thick with mud and grime, our clothes, or as much of them as were left, hanging in mud soiled tatters, our feet wrapped in putties or pieces of sacking, our hands covered with suppurating veldt sores, and every man with a huge stick in his hand to help him along. The sick whom the doctor had placed on the wagons were in a far worse state—filthy, helpless, thirst-tortured, gaunt skeletons, racked with fever and dysentery. She promised to send down some blankets to us. The Boers took all the stores from the house that they could find, but at night the doctor came galloping down with six blankets under his saddle for the sick. She had not forgotten her promise. Every Boer had at least two horses—some had three and four. When they lay down to sleep they passed an arm through the reins and were ready to jump at a moment's notice, as the saddles were never taken off unless to change horses. Sometimes the horses were hobbled in a circle, the head of one to the tail of another, so that if they moved they would move in a circle and could not stray far.

When we forded Schurman's Drift we were in the Transvaal. We lost a good deal of time in crossing, and next day Metheun was up with us again, at a place called Tygarsfontein. His infantry drove the Boers from ridge to ridge, and a British shell burst in the midst of a group and killed fourteen; a Boer scout told me—and they were not given to lying on that side of the ledger. At one time the British were within 1,000 yards of us. I did not know then that

the infantry was composed of two companies of Scots Fusiliers and two companies of Welsh Fusiliers. The Boers were utterly routed, and scattered groups came galloping past us crying: "Kharkees coming! Kharkees coming!" The drivers on the convoy were seized with panic. The long whips curled snapping at the oxen, and with lash and yell they were kept trotting till long after darkness had come. Bullocks falling dead from fatigue were replaced by others that plunged in a bellowing drove beside us, trumpeting with fear when a shell burst near them. All the time the stinging whips and the ready rifles of the guard were among the prisoners, hounding us on. With heads that whirled dizzily from hunger, thirst and fatigue, with limbs tottering under us, spurred on by whips and threats of death, we prayed, oh, how we prayed, that a shell would burst among us and shatter us out of our misery.

Thirty-four miles of a march, or trek, as we called it, that seems a ghastly nightmare—tumbling through streams, and along rocky tracks in the hills, swerving aside to pass shell battered wagons and dead cattle, staggering blindly through thorn bushes and among boulders—and it was midnight when we halted. But the fever racked sick on that horrible, jolting, springless wagon on such a trek—God help them! DeWet was right when he said that he had not much in the way of provisions to give us. Sometimes we were two whole days without food of any kind and frequently we had not time to cook what we did get. A torn nose bag was a providential dispensation, for there were always a few grains of corn lying about. Occasionally we got a sack of mealies or wheat. The wheat we either boiled or crushed between stones into a coarse kind of bran, which we made into a paste with water and roasted on the fire; once we got a bullock and at another time a few sheep. One night a Boer gave me a

piece of tobacco—such a luxury! I didn't understand what he said, for he could not speak English, but his laugh was the purest English when he saw how I enjoyed it. I could have kissed him, and yet under his old tattered hat there seemed to be nothing but whiskers and eyes. Once while boiling some Indian meal for supper I came down heavily on a huge white thorn with my knee, and next day it was so badly swollen and so painful that I was unable to walk. I was continually dragging behind and being ordered to get on, until at last in despair I lay down, in the hope that some one would shoot me dead where I lay and put an end to all my sufferings. I was kicked up and ordered to hold on by the end of a wagon.

A field officer came past and I showed him my knee, telling him that I could not walk. He gave orders for me to be placed on a wagon. I was put on one with no sides to it and it was all that I could do to hold myself on as it jolted along the uneven, deeply rutted road. You will remember that the wagon was at the end of the convoy which was nearly three miles long, and the track was therefore badly cut up. I do not remember anything about that day, as every jerk of the wagon caused me such excruciating pain that I was half delirious all the time. Next morning we broke camp at three o'clock. When day broke we saw British mounted men on a hill two miles off. Soon their gunners got our distance and shells were screaming and bursting over the convoy. Several wagons in front of us were blown up and the oxen scattered in writhing masses on the road. The Kaffir who led our team took fright and bolted; the oxen swerved as a shell burst in front of them, and the wheels suddenly going into a deep rut, the heavy wagon turned completely over, grinding me beneath its weight. My head bursting, I was falling down

through blackness in the midst of a thousand crimson serpents; somebody held my heart in his hand was squeezing it and then—thank heaven, this is death!

Ages after, there was a roaring of waters far beneath me. Then it thundered on my naked brain. A faint star was shining somewhere; it rushed toward me, growing bigger and bigger, until I was swallowed up in it—and my eyes were open. The wagon was righted. I was dripping wet, for the drivers had thrown water upon me. I heard the boom of the guns and the crash of bursting shells. I tried to rise but my head seemed to float away from me, and I felt myself striking the ground, but I did not feel myself falling. They lifted me onto the wagon, and the oxen moved off. My head and face were sticky with thick blood and dust, and I was in such pain that I did not know where the pain was. How those British gunners were working. I wondered if they would manage to hit me. The sun was strong in my eyes; I tried to raise my hand and found that both wrists were sprained. There was a dreadful torn wound in my leg, but the thick dust had dried the blood and horrid, shiny, green flies were clustered all over it and on the vent of my poisoned knee. It looked like jelly, and, by Jove, I was hungry. That was a rare feed we had in Cape Town, in the Swiss restaurant. I wish I had some of those tomatoes. They were red and ripe. Hello, there's two horses and a man killed! Look at the blood! I wonder if I'm like that. Another shell. I wonder what my mother is doing just now?

It was eleven o'clock at night when I awoke and pitch dark. I learned afterward that we had marched thirty-seven miles. The convoy waited till the following afternoon, waiting until Metheun could come up close that they might start off fresh, by which time his column would be nearly done up. Whenever his



scouts came in sight we moved off and got into Buffelsdoorn Pass, but Metheun did not try to force it, as it would have been quite impossible with the number of infantry at his command. We began to see then that it was no part of Metheun's plan to try to head us off, but simply to drive us before him until we would be hemmed in between other columns, possibly at Oliphant's Neck. The game was too evident, and DeWet laid his plans accordingly. His scouts and small commands always operated two or three days in advance of the main body, still keeping in touch with it, and he knew where every British column was, within days of him. We left Buffelsdoorn Pass at dark and crossed the railway between Welverdiend and Bank at midnight, afterward blowing it up for a distance of a mile and a half.

We marched thirty-four miles that night, but next day Metheun was at our heels again, shelling us all day. I was again on foot, as it was less painful to be on foot and holding on the end of the wagon than to ride on it.

Next day we were very hard pressed, and the British captured one of the fifteen pounders. The British gunners were in deadly form; they were deliberate in their aim and seldom missed the mark. The teams belonging to several wagons of stores and ammunition were killed, and the wagons had to be abandoned. About four in the afternoon

we were staggering along wearily behind the last wagon when a shell leapt shrieking over our heads and burst with a horrible crash, a thick cloud of dust and stones and a gurgle of strange sounds from the midst of the cloud. Our guards scattered to every side. We turned and ran—about fifty of us—back over the road we had just come, back toward the British guns and freedom. Our guards turned and came galloping after us, firing all the time, but they dared not come too close. We forgot our weakness and fatigue, forgot our wounds and sores. We scattered out over the veldt and ran on in a mad rush for safety. Then for the first time a British shell sought us; a shrapnel burst in the air and killed two of our party as we rose to the crest of the ridge. The British pompom was trained on us. We saw them all before us, and frantically waved our hands and rags to draw their attention. The officer at the pompom, looking through his glasses, saw us just in time. "My God! they're a lot of our own men; don't fire!" We were frantic with joy. We hugged the men; we hugged the horses. We shouted and laughed and tossed our helmets in the air. We shook hands with each other, with the soldiers, with everybody who came in our way. Can you blame us if we wept or laughed, for were we not back again to freedom; back under the old flag?

## HOME AT LAST ❀ By Minnie Reid French

**A** LONG the familiar road, by the meadows' blossoming way,  
Beneath the skies of my childhood, they have borne me home today.

They have turned the beloved sod and hollowed my narrow bed;  
And like the arms of a mother it pillows my weary head;

While the sounds that I love to hear have filled me with peace so deep,  
As a child to its innocent dreaming I have laid me down to sleep.

# MODERN JAPANESE WRITERS AND THEIR READING PUBLIC

By Yone Noguchi

TOKYO, JAPAN

OUR Japanese writers are working under the most unfortunate conditions. They are not given a proper reading public as in America—or the “Western Sea,” as we say in Japan. Strange to say, in spite of the widespread report of the enlightened civilization of the Meiji Era, the truth is that not until lately is the general public beginning to recognize that culture, the feeding one’s thoughts nobly, or “the understanding what is human kind”, is gained only through literature.

Since the Restoration (1867), Japan was put in a forge of change—the most sudden and tremendous revolution ever known in the history of the world—whose tumult has not yet subsided. Spiritual peace is not yet attained. The builders of Modern Japan, having been born in the disturbance of the destruction of the Tokugawa feudalism, did not get the perfect samurai education, or gentlemen’s education of those days. Briefly, this consisted in learning the Chinese classics and Oriental philosophy, in studying the art of “Kanoriu” or “Sessu”, becoming accomplished slightly in vocal culture so that a few pieces of the “No” (a dramatic composition) could be sung; in being restricted under the “Bushido” (that simple ethical code which was the backbone of our old generation); and in learning the arts of fencing and archery. Now this was not mastered by the founders of our Meiji Era. They came to America instead. They saw and were astounded at the material civilization of telegraphs, steamers and machinery. The real American culture they did not have time to fathom; the spiritual civilization was a closed book. Only a few

of them acquired superficial knowledge of Christianity, “swallowed it,” as we say colloquially. They had neither the best of their ancestors’ culture nor could they grasp completely the best essence of American civilization. They were fascinated by the American style of living but they were not equal to digesting the foreign philosophy and religion, therefore they could not have been expected to introduce the real American literature which is the companion of philosophy and religion.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding their poor equipment, these people formed the educational structure of Japan today, and they belong to what are termed our upper classes. True literature they have always regarded as an imbecility. They are on speaking acquaintance with Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens, and Hugo. But they do not know that English literature is builded on the Greek or Roman. They do not know any of the present writers or poets of England or America, and furthermore they know not one of their own, but they denounce, without the slightest investigation, the modern Japanese literature as inferior.

They have not read any of the best literature of our Japan of the early age, either: the books of Chikamatsu, of Saikaku, of Genji or Makurazoshi. And as for the modern masters, the late Koyo Ozaki, Roban Koda and Ichiyo Higuchi, they never mention them.

And the people under forty as a reading public? They also are a disappointment. And the source of the whole evil is in the flimsy education they have gained and are gaining. Our

modern education is far too hasty; our common high school has too many courses of useless study and lacks the most important one for the nourishment of the human mind. The students are then moved into the higher middle school, where they are turned into a specialty all at once and are not given time for general knowledge or for gaining the cultivation worthy of a man. Then they enter the university, and with the exception of the students of the literary department, all show a terrible gap in human knowledge. As students of humanity, history and general culture they are poverty stricken. Their thoughts are not uplifting. Their ignorance of the purest literature lowers their ideals—all but obliterates them. They become the most uninteresting persons. The children of such fathers will be bound to suffer. The family will be a tasteless gathering.

If there are some among the younger generations who have a fancy for books, they will choose a volume which contains some firing and sensational discussion, a story with a new plot and easy reading.

The literary critics denounce everywhere the vulgarity and hopeless state, the impossibility, of the Japanese reading public of today.

A year or two ago there actually appeared a reading club in the Japanese smart set in Tokio known as the "Dokusho Kai," who formulated a rule forbidding the reading of Japanese stories! That was the surest symptom of the under valuation of the native authors. We frankly admit that we have no Shakespeare or Dante, and we have not an equal to Tolstoi or Maeterlinck, but we do feel justified in saying that Ozaki's "Oborobune," Miss Higuchi's "Takeurabe" and Roban Koda's "Gokujun To" will not take a second place even in English literature. Then Shimei Futaba's "Megurui," and Ogai Mori's "Sokkyo Shijin" are the best literature

itself, if they are a Japanese version of certain European stories.

In addition to the conflict with so ignorant a public, our writers are encountering hardship in their own work. Any architect and builder must select his own plans and designs, his stones, timber and materials for building, and our Japanese have no fit timbers to even start with—the language. For there is no more confused language than the written Japanese. Some prefer the Chinese classical, some the "Yamato-bun" (the original Japanese writing) and many use the mixture of Chinese, Japanese and even English. The late Koyo Ozaki spent half his life in making a style of his own fit for his stories. He attempted the mingling of refined language and colloquialism at the outset and he turned out a "Genbun icchi," to say as we talk. Then finally he invented a new style of his own. When Romanization is fully adopted many difficulties will be done away with.

There are many hasty critics who put the idea above the writing. Literature cannot be discussed by separating the idea from the writing! But every Japanese author is experimenting today in the formation of a modern Japanese style of writing.

They are not without hope. The western civilization is speedily destroying our old prejudices and uplifting the position of authors. Only lately are the Japanese authors beginning to have social reputation. Till some years ago Japan valued the critics far more than the authors. These "learned outsiders" had a great influence. They were familiar with literature and clever in discussion and were considered authority. They suggested and dictated to our authors, who quite humbly followed the lead. But now our authors are having more independence; they have begun to know their own business, as an American might say. They begin to compel recognition by displaying ability.

## COMPANION CLOUDS

By Jasper Barnett Cowdin

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

COME to the window, love, your hand in mine,  
And let us watch this wonder of the night —  
Companion clouds, two domes of dazzling white,  
Bold through the amber haze uplift and shine,  
Slow drifting to the south,  
Full charged with August heats and Summer's drought.

Each dome alternate silver shimmers lighten;  
Quick golden veins disperse in zigzag shape,  
Like frightened serpents looking for escape;  
A purple spark will oft the whole sky brighten;  
While phosphorescent sheets  
Widely reveal the thunder's dim retreats.

White periods on the ebon page of night  
Glow the poor stars; the pensive moon doth yearn,  
With silver locks low-dipt in Neptune's urn,  
Sad-leaning from her cloud-veiled casement bright;  
Oft a dull thunder-tone  
Takes a long journey round the heavens alone.

Bright boon companions! — whither are they going?  
Low on the dim horizon yet they burn,  
But nevermore this way do they return,  
Alternate thrills through each vast bosom showing.  
So, love, may you and I  
Find a new sphere when these horizons die.

Is it not sweet, dear heart, to fancy them  
Immortal seraphs twined in social bliss,  
One moment chancing o'er a world like this,  
(Beheld by us beneath love's diadem)  
Both on their happy way  
To regions far beyond our mortal day?

In that long upward flight our eyes may see  
A shining waste of joys without a shore;  
The marvel of our being more and more,  
As more unsealed, a mightier mystery;  
Till our thrilled lips grow dumb  
Through vague surmisings what we may become!

# GAIL HAMILTON'S SINGLE BLESSEDNESS

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "Islands of Tranquil Delight," "South Sea Idyls," etc.

**B**EING importuned she wrote:—"I'm not married and I don't think I shall be. I can't afford the time, and besides, the men ought to be given to the women who can't get along without 'em. I can support myself, and so I think I'd better do it. Besides, I have a greater 'run' among the men themselves than if I were married. Now I am independent and every man is my 'humble servant.' If I were married I should be dependent upon the caprices of one. An unmarried woman has an immense advantage over the married woman. You think I 'may have seen women on New Year's day, but I make no mention of them.' My dear, I like women. In fact, I esteem them very highly, but I bag higher game, when I can. Women do to fall back upon, but for first choice, give me a brace of bearded men."

There spoke the brave and honest heart, and it was true to itself until it ceased to beat. A very healthy, a very wholesome and a very valiant soul was this, in its prime. What other could cry out, as she did:—

I am *real* glad to be alive. I am glad I was born in the first place. It does not seem as if there was any world until I came into it. Is that modesty? And when I think of the possibility even of living forever, and the sun growing every day brighter, and the skies bluer, and the infinite heavens opening up to you, isn't it glorious? I wonder if I shall sit down and have a real good long talk with [St.] Paul. I believe I like him the best of them all. I can't conceive he should ever take the least notice of me; but if he should give lectures I could go and hear them, and there is so much time in heaven that one could very well afford to wait. If he is as far ahead there as he is here I shall have to wait pretty long.

Even though she was unmarried and

gloried in her freedom, she was subject to her moods. I am told that married people are sometimes moody; that the cricket on the hearth does not always chirp merrily as the curtain descends to slow music on a living picture of domesticity. There were days when the wind blew from the wrong quarter and the chimney smoked, and when the unshaven hobo who peered in at the window upon her virgin solitude frightened her nearly out of her wits, and she was glad when the men folk rallied from the neighboring families and offered her the freedom of their strong right arms. But she complained not. In all her life of letters there is never a whimper, and only those who have read them know how full of peace and hope and joy they are and how comforting and uplifting they were to those to whom they were addressed. She says:—

Life always sat very loosely on me. I have no particular plans for this world, and never did have any. I just live along from day to day, taking things as they come. Better has happened to me than I ever dreamed of happening to me, but far below what might have happened if the order of the universe were changed. I have no hope of any personal revenue from the future beyond what the past has brought me, and I do not know that I ever was sanguine. The only personal ambition I recollect was, when I should have left school, to have a steel-colored silk dress with a large cape, and not to marry any one till I had taught school for a year. I never had the steel-colored silk, and I did teach my year, but I found no great sorrow in the one, and no great solace in the other—but other things have come and a change of base followed, and somehow it does not seem as if there was any me at all. I am like the late Confederacy, a mere shell. Somewhere, I suspect, hidden in some remote corner, the germ of a person with large personal life lies unseen, and



will one day, under other skies, spring into light and then it will be me; but for the present I am one, and another, and all souls, but in the great stress of the world there is no room for me. In a crowd whoever can hold himself in abeyance ought to do so, for the great throng have no consciousness and no choice but to be oblivious. But when I do live, how I shall live!

She probably lived in the seventh heaven of single blessedness all the next day. And she had a right to. She was unselfish to a fault. She gave out of her heart of hearts that she might help to strengthen the weak, encourage the faltering, and lift up the downtrodden and faint of heart. She could fight, too, and was worthy of the steel of any "orthodox" foeman who dared to brand her as unorthodox. They were men, of course, who assailed her orthodoxy; but they didn't look like men or feel like them when she had finished with them.

"The only thing I am afraid of," wrote Gail, "is that Mr. R—— will be scared and won't print my pieces. That won't make any difference about my writing them, however. I shall write and print somewhere. If one won't, another will. There is an undercurrent of feeling that will sustain me. I want to upheave and overturn. Land needs to be sub-soiled as well as top-dressed. 'The time is out of joint; O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right,' says Hamlet, but I don't say so. It's just what I should like to be born for, and I hope I was."

Though she sat in the shadow of her own vine and fig tree, seeking to veil her identity with a pleasing pen name, and losing her patience only when strangers intruded upon her pastoral seclusion, she blew a trumpet blast that might have shattered the walls of a Jericho, if there had been any Jericho walls to shatter. Her "New Atmosphere," "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," "Woman's Wrongs," and "Sermons to the Clergy" have probably accomplished

more in a quiet way than all the so-called Reformers, in petticoats or out, shouting in chorus from sea to sea.

To her mother she wrote:—

As for my writing "harshly" to the "Cong." [Congregationalist] people, why, Mr. Dexter says he likes me when I'm wrathful. I told him the other day that he was the splendidest old foggy that ever was, only he had no *sense*. I scolded him terribly about one of his editorials, and he said that it was every word true, and if he'd only had me sooner, what a man he'd have made! And that he had several rods in pickle for me. And you see, mother, I didn't tell them they were block-heads—only b—k—h—ds, and if they choose to fill in the missing letters, why it's no fault of mine.

She was twenty-seven years old when she wrote that letter, and she could have written its mate when she was sixty.

Was she unfeminine? Was she new-womanish in any way, shape or manner? Far from it. That letter alone is enough to prove it.

Unfeminine? She wrote from Washington, D. C., at twenty-six:—

In the evening, at the president's, I was introduced to a famous old man—a Mr. Jacob Barker—an immensely rich old Quaker who lives in New Orleans. I've seen plenty of stories about him in the newspapers. He was mightily smitten with me—you see I laid myself out to amuse him, not because he was rich, but because he was such a jolly old fellow—he's a cousin, I believe, of Dr. Franklin's and looks very much like him. He told Mr. Wood he thought I must make the young men's heart-strings thrill a little, and Mr. W. told him he guessed it didn't make much difference whether they were young or old.

Buttercups and daisies are not more Springlike in their fresh innocence than was Gail Hamilton when she set forth, wide-eyed and open-eared and found that she was unconsciously conquering a new world. What more naive than this?

I always find it easy to believe agreeable things. When people say they like me, it seems so natural that they *should* like me that I have not the smallest hesitation in giving them full credence. If they say they do not like me I always think it is prejudice, or they do not know me, or something. It is an agreeable frame of mind to be in, is it not.

And this:—

I tell you I could "cut a dash" if I should set out! Sometimes I think I will. Most women are so stolid. They stand still and expect to be entertained. I circulate and talk wild and make 'em laugh and am natural and so people get round me. I told Mrs. Adams I had been wanting to be introduced to her a long while. She said she had seen me several times before, but there was always such a crowd round me and I was so busy talking that she had not come up to be introduced. Of course it was mere politeness that made *her* speak of being introduced to *me*. It was *I* that wanted to be introduced to *her*.

And this:—

Augusta [her sister] says she never saw anybody *toot his own horn* as I do—that I tell off puffs as coolly as if they were about somebody else and not myself, but I do it because I know if you were here, and I were there, I should want you to do just the same. I don't to anybody else except you and the family letters, only as I write the latter every week, of course they have more of it than you, who only get what happens at the moment to be uppermost in my mind. It's good fun, though. I like to get in a corner and have half a dozen round me and feel a little excited, and make 'em all laugh, and see the women look and wonder what is going on. I tell you, if I *should* give my mind to it, wouldn't I do a thing or two? Nevertheless I get horribly bored. We have so much company evenings. I long for quiet.

And again this:—

In the evening three men fell to *my* share. Mrs. P. said that she told Mr. P. how I set myself down before these three men like a Christian and a martyr and entertained them. I told her I

didn't entertain them much. I just let them talk. "Ah," said she, "but you had magnetism enough to set them a-going, and you did talk a good deal yourself, too." I happened to feel in the mood, though, so we got on very well. It is a great deal easier to manage three men than it is one. You can make them play into each other's hands, somehow. It is the single *tete-a-tetes* that kill me.

In her sprightly way, Gail Hamilton, the Letter Writer, leads one to half suspect that she might, under favorable and entirely irreproachable circumstances, be beguiled into a blameless flirtation. To a judicial friend she writes:—

My mother says you have all been poisoned. It was my arrows that did it, undoubtedly, only you will not confess. As to your eyes, I am sure you have nothing to complain of. I have been half blind ever since I was two years old and have seen more at that than was for my comfort. All you have to do is, when you are looking at pleasant things like me, open the double eye and shut the single one, and when you are looking at unpleasant ones, *vice versa*. That is good Latin, isn't it? Anyway, if you grow blind I will come to see you, for I don't care about my looks either, and I will lend to the rhyme of the poet (myself) the beauty of my voice, 'till you shall bless the darkness that unfolded to you the heaven of my song! My voice is, in fact, something between a shriek and a howl,—in poetry I don't know what it might be,—but you will know when you, I beg your pardon, go it blind.

Washington life amused her in those earlier days; it did not satisfy. Of course it never can satisfy anyone who asks more of it than the fantastic artificialities on which it is founded. Her fame was spreading, and this embarrassed her naturally sensitive and retiring nature. She complains:—

I am dreadfully tired of people. People are made up chiefly of eyes. When people go to Amherst, do Amherst people look at them? If you go to church will they loiter around the door till you come out? When you go into a

shop will you see the clerks nudge each other, and you try to look unconscious and make a sorry failure of it? And will you please tell me on what general principle the universe is hung together, in such a way that a little notoriety brings you all the disagreeableness of a great fame? Why should their mortal life be teased who will have no compensations of immortality.

Of Washington, D. C., she says:—

You needn't sigh over my privileges. I am just as eager to get home as you are to get here—and a great deal more so \* \* I like here. I'm glad I came, but I don't want to live here, and unless I am going to live here, it's high time I was away. There is a kind of fascination in society. When I get a-going, I like to—go it! I've really had some thoughts of giving myself up to it in earnest, and seeing what I could do. You may think me very foolish, and I am quite aware that I have not beauty or money, yet without them, and without giving much thought to it, I can make a *little stir*, and if I should give my mind to it I think I could do something. Still I don't suppose it would be spending life to the best advantage, so, on the whole, I think I shall go to New England if my life is spared to get there. I shall leave pleasant friends and pleasant memories here.

Her life was fortunately spared and she returned unto her own in due season. Though very far from being a butterfly, she was born in a bower, and there she should have passed the fullness of her days, delighting her friends with her admirable letters and the world with her charming and divine philosophy.

She has said:—

People bore me dreadfully. I'd like to see nobody from week's end to week's end. \* \* \* \* \*

Today I locked myself in and wrote all day. When people came thundering at the door I said nothing, and escaped all callers; they thought I was out, you know,—shan't tell anybody—mean to do it again.

Letters were her specialty—no one

can question this. If she had never done anything else in the world but write letters to her friends, she would have done more than most writers who fill volume after volume with essays and reviews, fact, fiction, fancy, etc. Listen:—

Mr. D. has gone over to the opposition about my letters. Since he has been away I have written him several; perfectly so-so letters they were, too. The other day he came up on an errand and invited himself here to tea, to our great satisfaction, and broke out: "I don't wonder people want you to write letters to them." Today he was up again and said he got a letter from me yesterday, "and a beautiful letter it was, too!" The fact is, I don't suppose he has been accustomed to any but business letters all his life. He is one of the best of men, honest and true, and it really did me good to see his round, ruddy face smiling in at the door. I never heard of your platonic attachments. I know very well which class I should fall into. I am not very intellectual, but I am religious. A gentleman asked me last Saturday how I liked the minister. I said "I hated him! that's how I liked him." When I heard, however, that he was a Methodist brother I held my tongue. I don't feel any call to chastise my neighbor's children, nor to refrain from chastising my own! Do you mean to say that I grow less agreeable as I grow old? [She was thirty-four.] On the contrary, I think I improve vastly, and by the time I get to be eighty I expect to be a belle and a beauty. May you be there to see. \* \* \*

In another mood she wrote:—

There is no particular exhilaration in walking down and up and up and down the same gravel path, though it may be tamely pleasant if it is not always a covered way, and even then there is a degree of joy in the mere motion; but it is a great deal nicer to go down a lane where you have never been and know not whence it came nor whither it leads, but only know you struck into it all of a sudden, and will perhaps strike out again just as suddenly—but meanwhile the apple trees are abloom and the grey walls green and graceful with swaying

vines and vocal with tiny life. I am not deceived for all the blue sky and splendid sun. I know there are snow banks underneath, but I know something more than this which makes me happy, that violets and anemones and blood-root and spring beauties are under the snow. You are missionary ground and you must be converted. What are you better than the Emperor Aurelius? You talk of the past as if it held the elixir of life, and of the future as if it had no certain treasure in its bosom. For me, I am not sure of the past, but if there is any present I am sure of the future. Life is not made up of this Spring, or next Summer, or last Winter. Life is one. Next Spring is only a lifting up of the fair and fragrant Spring that underlies all life, lifting itself up above the snows and frosts which have overgrown it but can never crush it, and will finally die away in the sunshine that never dies. Winter is not "just as good," and never will be, and you know it. Even if you are shut up in a city the very knowledge that the "birds are singing elsewhere" is an unspeakable blessing. It is not the music that you hear, but the songs that sing themselves in your heart that make the melody of life. When I am ready to fly out with impatience of the clang of tin pans and iron kettles it is just those elsewhere singing birds that make it all tolerable, for I know that somewhere, *somewhere*, there must be a land where pans and kettles are unknown, and the robins have it all their own way, and there I mean one day to pitch my tent. I shall feel just so at fifty. What difference will it make? It is not another but only the fiftieth part of the same Spring. If God only gives me health and independence there never will, I think there never can come a time when I shall not grow green and tender and fresh and happy with the leaves! Memories are nothing. That which has been is nothing to that which shall be. One of the few things I don't know, and cannot understand, is why evil is let run wild in the world. I can understand why it should be let in, but not why it should be let loose.

I ask the reader if that letter sounds like the letter of a married woman, even though she were happily married? The most happily married woman if she is at all domestic must surely have some

care upon her mind, some anxiety at heart. In the letters of Gail Hamilton I find a spirit as nearly free as it is possible for spirit to be while in the flesh. Hers is a winged soul. Her troubles are all borrowed, but borrowed only that she may lighten the burden of those who have borne them. Her life was illuminated with friendships that were, many of them, rare and fine. She drew a line there and claimed the right of perpetual freedom. Something happened once—perhaps many times; somebody blundered! She wrote concerning this matter:

I wanted to say to you that I was not harsh, as indeed I had no right to be, for he is the most generous of men. He is a real good, honorable man, but it is a sad waste of material for anybody to fall in love with me. But it is all over now, and nobody hurt. \* \* \* I am as far as possible from believing that friendship should or can encroach upon love. It seems to me, they may run in parallel lines forever, since parallels never meet. I have a very great scorn for the notion you often find afloat that propinquity is the—what do the theologians call it?—predisposing cause of love. It may be a sufficient cause for that bread-and-butter sentiment which keeps the pot boiling; and, of course, if two substances have the natural affinity the coming together is all that is necessary, but the natural affinity is the very thing in question. Oil and water are no more one thing in a dish-pan than they are out of it. And I wish there were high living enough in the world to be at least recognized as a ponderable and visible and appreciable thing in its own right.

Gail Hamilton once said: "It would annoy me very much to have anybody agree with what I wrote, because that would show that there was no need of my writing."

I suppose she meant that her vocation was missionary work in the epistolary line; and that if she were not original in thought and method she would have been born in vain. How many married

women are there who will not read the following with a certain satisfaction and glory in the perfect independence of the writer?

Look at me. I have friends on every side who delight in me, men and women who come to me for joy, and solace, and strength. Is it because I am better, or brighter, or stronger than other women? Not the least in the world. I am constantly meeting women whose shoe latches I am not worthy to unloose, but to whom nobody ever comes. It is solely because I have never been overborne by hard physical labor, nor undermined by the unspeakable disappointments of marriage. God has suffered me to keep my life in my own right hand. I have never been crushed—I have never been oppressed. Those other women, better than I, with more capacity than I, with higher possibilities than I, are mere household drudges, insignificant wives, uncommanding mothers, because they are buried under an Ossa on Pelion piled, of degrading labor without supporting love. They passed in their youth under the yoke of a man, and the yoke was hard and the burden heavy. And just as long as their necks are bowed to them, women cannot reveal themselves. The sole advantage that I have over other women is, that I stand in the sunshine. If I were married the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that I should be digging in the dark, down in the cellar where all the dead-alive women are. People are accustomed to see beasts of burden, and, accordingly, when they see me, a woman, they are pleased with the novelty. \* \* \*

So far as I come in contact with men, they unconsciously swerve into my orbit,—never mind if the metaphors don't "go on all fours,"—because I am a woman under full headway; and in the collision of sincerity with falsehood, or perhaps I ought to say error, the error goes down. When a man comes so near me that I can touch him, he cannot help himself, but turns into pure gold—or at least the pure gold that existed in him in solution is precipitated into visibility; and if I were a wandering Jewess, and could be the wife of every man I see, I never would touch pen to paper to reform the world. Mind, I could not have done it if I had married him before I had myself

waked to consciousness, but I could do it now.

This admirable woman—a spinster come to judgment—knew whereof she wrote. She was a wise soul of the widest observation and the calmest judgment. She writes:

When I compare my life with the lives around me, with nine out ten of all the lives I know, I esteem myself indeed favored of heaven, and thank God for a most undeserved happiness, and pray that I may do good enough to my fellow beings to compensate them, as it were. \* \* I don't deny that through weakness, weariness, impatience, I may sometimes be a little in the trough of the sea, but it is not on the crest of any billow that I ever saw that I would have my ship going. I never have thought, or professed to think, that the actual unmarried life was as happy as the ideal married life, but I assure you with entire seriousness that nothing which my own life has missed has given me a tithe of the disturbance, I might almost say despair, which I have found in the terrible bewilderments of the married lives I have seen. I could well do without happiness myself if I could only see a possibility of happiness in the experience of others.

\* \* \* This I can assure you most truly, and if you are my friend you will be glad of the assurance—loneliness, as you mean it, is a sensation which I have never felt, to the best of my knowledge and belief. I am afraid to be in the house alone nights, and, daytimes, too, for that matter; but let me know that there is a trusty person down stairs to keep out robbers and ghosts, and I can sit in my own room day and night, alone, and never tire. I do not mean that I do not know an aloneness, nor that I cannot conceive of something that would be better; but as far as mortal companionships go, I have, let me see, at least five men and no end of women who are more friends to me than most men are to their wives. I find in them more sympathy, more resource, more sustenance, more tangible, practical, honest, real help than most women find in their husbands; and two of them at least and perhaps three, and possibly four, are more agreeable to me than most husbands are to their wives. I like their society better, they



exert themselves far more to entertain and please me; they have more consideration and chivalry. You say I don't know what husbands are to their wives, but make me believe it if you can.

Here is her parting shot:

What is marriage here? A little speck of honey in a hogshead of vinegar. But in Heaven there will be something of which earth marriage is a type, but which will be all honey and no vinegar. You may depend upon it there is something in Heaven which corresponds to marriage, because that which alone gives marriage vitality and worth, that alone which lifts it above the earth, is a need, an element of the soul, and if the soul dies not, its elements cannot die. You would not be yourself without your memory. You do not marry on account of your memory, but that thing which you do marry on account of is as essential to your identity as your memory. If there is one thing I cannot abide it is settling down into anything. Do you know the great trouble is that people "marry and settle." They would better be hanged. "Settle" is just another word for growing set and crusty and routiney. When you have leveled one forest, turn to fresh woods and pastures new. Cultivate the soil till you have exhausted its possibilities. I do not believe in exhausting them anyway. We often think we have when we have not. It is our own slight farming, not the field, that is exhausted, and we often think we have fathomed our friends when it is that our short lines have given out, not that we have touched bottom. Every human soul is infinite and you cannot settle down with it if you have any appreciation of it. If you have but eyes to see you will always be making new discoveries.

I believe there is a place for everyone in this world and whosoever finds himself in his place—he will very soon know whether it fits or not—is the happiest of all. I believe that Gail Hamilton's place was in her old New England home, and that she was happier, healthier, holier there than anywhere else under heaven. I believe she should have stayed right there and have written letters to all sorts of people—

preaching her gospel of peace and patience and reciprocity until her ink well ran dry and the pen dropped from the fingers that were to write no more.

She grew to like Washington and Washington ways, and to spend much time there and fall into those ways herself. She went abroad, but in all her letters home there was no breath so fresh and fragrant as that which breathes from this letter she wrote me twenty years before she visited Europe and five before I did:

Well now, did your spirit tell you I was not gone, and have you been thinking of me over-sea all this while? I fear you will be sadly disappointed at receiving a letter from me, with the commonplace mail marks of Brooklyn—instead of Rome or Athens—but here I am. Will it console you at all to know that my paper cutter is from an oak of Marathon, and my ruler from Neufchatel; that my slippers are of Damascus workmanship, and my necklace of Indian aloe, brown and spicy? I cannot write to you from St. Peters, but St. Peters lies before me in my paper weight, wrought in mosaic. I could not cross myself for you in the Cathedral of Milan, but my friends here, whom I have come to see, give me vivid descriptions of its magnificence, and they went down to the silver sarcophagus of the high born saint and saw his resting place and the home of his soul. They have wandered Europe from Norway and Sweden to the Mediterranean, from Ireland to the frozen Caucasus. They went down into the silent land of Egypt; saw the beautiful obelisk of Heliopolis, the ancient An; followed the Nile, lived in hundred-gated Thebes; visited the Holy Land and Turkey; sailed on the Black Sea, and here they are again, with the past and the present all clustering thick around them. You and I have not taken this wonderful journey: you ask me why, when you so long to go, and what does it all mean? Truly I do not know, but I am not greatly troubled thereby. This I think sure—that desire indicates capacity. Our souls really long only for that which belongs to them. Most of us in this world have but a half life. We do not begin to live at the top of our bent; but then I reckon this life a mere

beginning, after all. If the choice were given you to travel and grow selfish, or to stay at home and grow noble, you would choose the latter, not for its result but for the sheer happiness of it. So you see the best things are within one's reach; we are not to look forward to another world for compensation. The Kingdom of God is within you. Still, where this world gives scope only to a part of our faculties, whether of living or loving, I think it is but natural we should anticipate in another the joy of our full unfolding. The Divine, the one perfect Life, is a constant outflow of blessing, doing good to the just and the unjust.

Forgive me for being in Brooklyn instead of old Thebes. I shall perhaps go there one day and find you walking about among the ruins. Or, if not, maybe we

shall travel about among the stars and know a great deal more about all worlds than a thousand journeys here could tell us; but you must not be so eager of another star as to become impatient of this.

In a fragment of autobiography Gail Hamilton wrote: "I died on the tenth of May, 1895." For seven weeks her spirit was wandering in the debatable borderland; this experience she has treated in a little volume entitled "X-Rays." She awakened from that death-like trance and lived until the seventeenth of August, 1896, when she died the death; and so passed from earth life one of the supreme intelligences of her time.

## ON BEING FOUND OUT

THACKERAY PARAPHRASED—WITH VARIATIONS

By Mrs. E. D. Kendall

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

THERE'S an old tale you may have heard,  
Of certain friends who met to dine,  
And growing reminiscent — stirred  
To confidences o'er the wine —  
The guards of reticence forgot,  
And how their guest, the Abbe's, tongue  
Began to wag as it ought not,  
His irreligious hosts among.

"The penitent I first confessed —  
The very first," the Abbe said,  
"An order wore upon his breast,  
And yet his hands with crime were red.  
A nobleman of ancient name  
And stainless lineage, he told  
Of murder done to hide his shame —  
The gambler's cursed thirst for gold."

And even while the good man spoke,  
Entered the Marquis Croquemitaine  
In gilt laced doublet, velvet cloak  
And swinging jauntily his cane;

And as he neared the group, his hat  
 He doffed, and bowed — for well he knew  
 Each man who at the table sat;  
 And last a meaning glance he threw  
 At Abbe Blanc, and blandly said:  
 "Your pardon, friends, if first I greet  
 (May blessings rest upon his head!)  
 My old confessor; at his feet  
 Years since, these stubborn knees I bent,  
 And in such wise my soul laid bare,  
 (I was his earliest penitent)  
 His speech was stiffened to a stare.  
 I'll wager that no other since,  
 More startling tale has told than mine."  
 He saw Lalance and Morny wince,  
 Delorme set down untouched his wine,  
 And in D'Aubigny's eyes he read  
 The horror of discovery writ; —  
 Upon his heel he turned and fled —  
 The Abbe tumbled in a fit.

Consider what would life become  
 If every reprobate and scamp  
 In palace, office, workshop, slum,  
 Should be compelled to flaunt his stamp;  
 Just fancy all found out who sin,  
 And punished as each rogue deserves,  
 And answer, you who stand and grin,  
 What is your chance — with the reserves?  
 I wonder how you'd feel to sit  
 Beside some one who has your measure, —  
 The coat he's fashioned, just your fit,  
 In which he takes sardonic pleasure;  
 And vice versa, how you'd gloat  
 O'er his discovered weaknesses!  
 You've conned each blemish — every mote,  
 No matter what the public says: —  
 His talent? Bah! 'tis borrowed, man!  
 His honor? Can't you tell a tale  
 About that, too? He knows you can,  
 And through his smiling, waxes pale.  
 You smile as well, and jest, and talk,  
 Poor humbugs both — smooth-seeming sinners,  
 Who side by side from business walk,  
 And eat each other at your dinners.

O world so strange! how many strive  
 To cloak their faults with fair disguises!  
 How many wretched beings live,  
 Forever hounded by their vices!

Their Nemesis the haunting dread  
 Of sure detection, crouching still,  
 Pard-like, to spring; the word unsaid  
 Which like a trumpet yet shall thrill  
 Their guilty souls with terrors strong,  
 God's herald of his judgement day,  
 When bared shall be each secret wrong  
 And every man his forfeit pay.

Let him who deems his feet are firm,  
 Take heed lest he like others fall;  
 And he who spurns his fellow worm,  
 Remember we are sinners all.  
 "None may escape the vermin foul  
 Of his own evil deeds," though he  
 Wear crown, or ermine, or the cowl  
 And robe of priestly sanctity;  
 And he who magnifies the flaws  
 That mar his neighbor's fair repute,  
 While his own failings into straws  
 His smug conceit would fain transmute,  
 Let him beware! for as we mete  
 Shall we be measured soon or late:  
 Heaven's justice speeds with tireless feet,  
 And judgement waits "within the gate!"

## Night

THE stars burn low above me,  
 The forest glooms around;  
 A night bird's melancholy call  
 Is the only sound.

Day's desires have fallen away,  
 With all their fret and pain;  
 In the quiet darkness  
 I see my future plain.

Love lights the path of it,—  
 Even thy love, my own,—  
 All the wild rebellion  
 Overthrown.

Lure of fame and fortune  
 I resign;  
 Mine thou art, mine only,  
 And I am wholly thine.

# THE EVOLUTION OF COUSIN MARCELLA

By Lilian True Bryant

BANGOR, MAINE

## PART II

### CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

I HAVE been writing my daily letter to Gregg. We are one step nearer, Cousin Marcella having decided to come to Naples and sail for London from there. I have been out on a balcony under the stars, with Vesuvius on one side and Capri on the other, and music and laughter and gay voices in the street above, making me feel as if I were a puppet in a play, with no will of my own. Naples is a mass of twinkling lights, and every now and then Vesuvius sends a great golden puff of flame into the night, and the long line of mountains on the opposite coast look on as peacefully as though they never had seen Pompeii die, killed by this same Vesuvius.

International marriages were discussed at dinner tonight, probably because of the new arrivals. The bride is a Swede, the groom is an Italian, and they use French in speaking. Everything is serene and sunny, but I do wonder if it can last. Won't a time come when she would give all the world to hear some good, rugged Swedish? Or to be with her own countrymen again? Won't she look for their sturdy honesty and find the restless irresponsibility of the southerner? Half my happiness with Gregg is because we are bound by the same home interests. Is it possible to buy a wife or a husband and find the love that comes when a man and woman earn the right for a home together?

I have been a little foolish lately, a little flattered, a little disturbed, and a good deal anxious. I have been wondering just what Gregg will think when I unburden my soul to him. I have even wondered if I had best tell him.

I have thought of asking Cousin Marcella, indirectly, of course, in order to keep her propriety from being disturbed.

I have thought of saying:

"Cousin Marcella, do you believe all you read in the newspapers?"

And she will remember her Christian Register and her Boston Transcript and her New York Post and her beloved Atlantic, and she will smile benignantly at my childishness and answer:

"Each class has its literature, my dear child." Then I will take another step.

"And each nation its customs?"

"Assuredly," she will nod.

"And it is wise to follow them? To be a Roman while you are in Rome, or a Neapolitan while you are here in Naples?"

I am not sure of the conversation at that point. Her bonnet strings would bob with conviction if it were Boston; but there is a deal of difference between Boston and Naples, so I usually retire in my mind after that and wonder just what I had better do.

We are in an adorable place, too beautiful for ordinary use, and like luxuries, it goes to one's head and you forget the cold, clear cut north and just revel in color and sunshine and flowers and laziness. And yet, in spite of it all, there was a restlessness that only goes to prove that after a while you had rather go back into realities again. We are ladies of high degree. I know exactly how it seems to sit at my window and watch a lordly lover. What I am not so sure of is, have I been wicked in watching him, or only just absorbing the country's customs?

We are in a villa outside the city. A wheezy little tram car takes you a mile or two from the public park and leaves you in a dismal street; hovel-like caves



on one side and high stone wall on the other. You gasp with disappointment, and then you cry out with delight, like the princess in the fairy story. You open the iron gate and walk down a winding, looping driveway, fringed with fern and bush and blossom and find yourself at the top of a house with steps leading into the most beautiful courtyard that ever grew. There are fern palms and violet beds and an old moss covered well, and a lattice covered path leading into a lemon orchard beyond the villa's walls. Then if you know the way, you go down four more steps and find a tiny chapel built into the stone foundation, and a few more steps brings the whole broad, glorious Bay of Naples before you, and Vesuvius with all its opal tints, while far down on the horizon lies Capri.

The waves pound and swash against the villa's balcony. The shore curves slightly. On either side is an immensely steep bluff, a castle on one and a villa on the other and each morning an Englishman comes down the stone steps of the latter and gets into his boat. Sometimes he waves his handkerchief at me, if I happen to be at my window. It is part of the scene and the beauty of it makes my heart ache to think that it will last and last forever, probably, and in just a little while I shall be dead and forgotten. It seems more like what the world should be, here—all laughter and sunshine and loveliness, and human beings provided for like children, instead of having to wrench their food from barrenness, as it is in the North. But now I'm going on with my story.

Cousin Marcella and the professor had been sight seeing for a week, and they both were tired out and willing to "devote a day to trivial interests."

"A little shopping, my dear. Possibly an hour at the museum, and then home for a quiet afternoon."

So early that morning we started. There was no carriage in sight, for

which I was devoutly thankful. It saves time of course, but they are inhabited so vigorously that I had rather go in the car, which is divided into two compartments, first and second class. There is not much difference between the two; one has cushions and is a little more elaborate, that is all.

As it happened, there were but two vacant seats in the first compartment. Cousin Marcella was discussing Schliemann's excavations, so I laughed a little and said I would chaperone her and went into the other, which held but one passenger. I remember feeling quite pleased with myself that morning. I wore a new serge suit, my first long tailed gown and a fur cape that was comfortable on the shady side of the street, and could be easily carried when we crossed into the sunshine. I had on my best blue hat, tilted over my nose, and I had fastened in my belt a gorgeous cluster of scarlet geraniums that were growing on the wall by the driveway. I thought I looked quite well, so I studied the toes of my beloved American shoes and remembered that I had an extra coin for the house boot-black. I suppose I seemed just as foolishly complacent as I felt, for by and by, after finishing my survey, I looked up and then up again into the blackest, boldest Italian eyes that I ever expect to meet. I couldn't look away. I could feel the color begin at my collar bone and fly up to my face, and past my eyes and over my forehead, and all the time those eyes were laughing at me.

He was a man of about forty-five. His hair was black with flecks of white in it, and quite gray on his temples. His skin was the swarthy Neapolitan. His moustache was waxed until it bristled like spear points, and but for the twinkle in his eyes he might have been the German emperor.

But all else paled before his clothes. No wonder he laughed at my satisfaction over mine. He wore a pearl gray over-

coat of most wonderful texture. He wore an imposing hat, no shinier than his beautifully polished boots. And from his head to his toes he was the most immaculate man I have ever seen.

"As regards the advisability of allowing poverty stricken nations to control excavations of world wide value—", said Cousin Marcella on the other side of the partition.

She stopped; so did the car, and we all lurched forward, the first class passengers crowding to the door. I stood up, and the man followed my example. The car started as suddenly as it had stopped, and we all sat down abruptly and all because a donkey had insisted upon braying upon the car tracks, which is a way that they have, most annoying to the drivers. Then I laughed and the man laughed, even though his moustache was waxed so fiercely, and Cousin Marcella called me and I left the car.

We went into a shop and stayed half an hour looking at photographs. The man was on the doorsteps when we came out. We went into the museum and I clung to Cousin Marcella's elbow, and tried to hide behind the largest casts in the building. I succeeded admirably and found myself face to face again with him. Then I began to grow cold. I swooped down upon Cousin Marcella and told her that I certainly should have malaria if we poked among those old things any longer, and wouldn't she please go home before I went into a fit and died. She looked at me sympathetically and said I did look pale. Pale! I should think I did. I never was so frightened in my life. Cold shivers ran down my spine, and my knees trembled so that I toed in. So, with Cousin Marcella on one side and the professor on the other, wagging their heads and nodding significantly, I was piloted back to the car line and fanned with a red covered guide book. I felt guilty, though I didn't know just why, for it certainly was no pleasure to me

that a man should waste half a day following me, and I fairly gurgled with relief when the car finally came. I stepped into the crowded street to hurry toward it, and a hand came out and pulled me back, and there was my man holding me fast and saying:

"Pardonnez, Mademoiselle."

A public carriage raced over the spot where I had stood. Cousin Marcella bowed her thanks. The man lifted his hat and dropped my hand as if he felt that he must. The professor smiled and nodded, and we got in. About ten minutes later I stopped turning red and white and looked up. In the seat opposite was the man. Not a flicker of expression on his face showed that he had seen me before, and yet I doubt if I ever felt more helpless. I fastened my eyes on my gloves and said the German alphabet over backward and then forward, and there I sat like a stone image till the car stopped before our gate. Once inside, I took the tail of my gown in my hand and flew down the road, loop after loop, till I was safe on the villa's piazza. Then I looked up at the street far above me, and leaning over the wall, laughing at me, stood the man. He lifted his hat.

Some minutes later Cousin Marcella and the professor arrived, a little disturbed, a good deal shocked.

"Such indecorous haste, my dear child," said Cousin Marcella nervously.

I burst into tears and went into my room and shut the door. I am a child, I suppose. Some girls grow into young ladyhood with their first long dress, but I am more and more convinced that I never shall be anything but an infant. I wish I hadn't looked back; I should feel much more comfortable.

The next day it rained, and the next and the next, until a week went by, and still we were shut into the four walls of the villa. All the butterfly boats kept out of sight. The bay was a gray wall, with only the red smokestacks of the

French liner cutting it in the afternoon. The waves roared and pounded against the villa till the balcony was wet, and bits of driftwood clung here and there. The last afternoon of the storm I went down to the drawing room for a book. They are mostly Ouida's novels, very interesting for rainy days, but very shocking; so Cousin Marcella has led me gently but firmly past that bookcase ever since we first came to Naples. An American newspaper was lying on the table, and I began to read an article upon foreign customs regarding matrimony.

"In Italy, no young girl ventures upon the street alone—"

My ears burned, even though I knew I had only been chaperoning Cousin Marcella in the next compartment.

"... A curious custom is as follows: If a suitor discovers the object of his affections upon the street in company with her family, he devotes his time to following her, discreetly, unobtrusively, yet nevertheless persistently, till he finds her abode—"

The newspaper fell upon the floor and I covered my guilty red cheeks with my hands and sat there, wondering what Gregg would think of it all.

Late that afternoon the sun came out. The waves still roared on the beach, tossing the spray and catching it again as it fell. Rafael, the boatman, was guiding someone down the steps to the beach. Someone with a pearl overcoat and a silk hat and a heavy, silver topped cane. Rafael was apparently explaining something, pointing toward the villa and gesticulating wildly, and the man was carefully choosing his steps in the wet sand. Just at the point where the best view of the whole house is to be had he stood, took out some opera glasses—and then came a wave. It drenched both men. It ruined the silk hat, and the pearl overcoat dripped with water, and the cane with its silver mountings floated off toward the Mediterranean, and the

man on the beach stamped and swore.

That was the last I saw of him. Wounded pride was greater than his love for me, evidently; and hearts are brittle things in Naples, anyway.

There is the story, just as it happened. It amuses my vanity a little and gives me a pleasant feeling of importance, as if I were grown up and worth noticing, in spite of Cousin Marcella's remarks to the contrary. At home I suppose it would be called a "flirtatious occurrence." Here it seems to be merely the custom of the country. It may be romantic under certain circumstances, but I cannot see how the love that is to last "for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, till death us do part," can be found by any such method.



#### ALL BECAUSE OF MISS PRESLEY

**C**OUSIN MARCELLA is crushed. Beacon street has fallen into the Charles and Commonwealth avenue no longer lifts its head above the South End. She is bewildered and mortified and insecure in the standards that have been life and death to her since she was old enough to carry a note book and take observations.

The Worthingtons, as of course you know, are the toppest of Boston's aristocracy. To be a Worthington is to walk through life garlanded with roses, showered upon one by an admiring population. To be a Worthington is the height of earthly bliss; and to be a friend of theirs is the utmost that a commoner can hope for in this earthly vale. Cousin Marcella has attained the latter distinction. For years she has "been a friend of the family, my dear;" and her one aim in life was to prove herself worthy of that honor. Consequently, when Mrs. Emily Worthington announced that she would be in Naples for a few days, Cousin Marcella was all of a flutter.

It was obvious that she must scatter a few roses, but she wasn't quite sure as to the proper method of doing it. The villa looked suddenly worn and almost disreputable under the glare of this new responsibility. The dining room did very well for ordinary tourists—but for a Worthington—Cousin Marcella's voice trailed off into hopeless despondency, and the professor looked troubled and ran his fingers through his hair and suggested a picnic, at which Cousin Marcella wept and reminded him that people of their position in life could not stoop to picnics. The professor was startled, but clung to his ground, insisting that people came to Europe for that very purpose. They were tired to death of the same old conventionalities. At which Cousin Marcella took refuge in his masculine strength of mind and was partially comforted. Bravo for the professor. The stronger minded a woman is, the more like wax she is when she falls in love; that is, if the man knows enough to be sweetly independent at times.

Cousin Marcella came to the table that day magnificent in her troubled self consciousness. She surveyed each person critically, and sat all through the soup course with her eyes on the array of bottles and jugs up and down the table. It does look rather intemperate, but it is only another custom of the country. Some new comers had been placed opposite her. A frail little woman exquisitely graceful, with masses of pale brown hair braided at the back of her head, glorious brown eyes that swept up at one and then fell quietly, and the most adorable chin—pointed, innocent, mischievous, bewitching. She wore a severe cloth suit of blue, with a mannish collar and tie and linen cuffs; and being so wholly feminine, she was all the more so in this attempt at severity.

The professor put down his soup spoon and beamed at her. So did the

Canadian on the opposite side. The Canadian is the pet of the whole villa. He is big and black and impudent and jolly and kind hearted. But he is an unbeliever, and Cousin Marcella says I must have nothing to do with him. Well, the Canadian looked upon the dainty little lady and was pleased. She chatted unconcernedly with her nurse, finished the dessert and was led out like a little child and carried up stairs, because she is too weak to walk and was sent over here for a rest and to get strong enough for her work again. She was in the drawing room when I went in, leaning with both hands on a table, looking at the home mail just being sorted. She tilted her face up at me—I am fully a head taller—and I felt exactly like taking it in my two hands and kissing it. We talked for a little. She asked me to come to see her. She had a good many famous photographs that might interest me, and would be glad to show them. She was only just over and was deadly homesick, although her nurse was ever so kind; whereat the nurse blushed and bowed and smiled and was grateful at being appreciated. I said I would go with pleasure, but on the way up stairs I met Cousin Marcella. She drew me out into the garden.

"My dear," she said, "mysteriously, 'I must caution you. On no account do you accept any attention from the young woman opposite us at the table. The professor says she is an actress.'"

Honest, heart rending horror was in dear Cousin Marcella's eyes and voice, and she trembled with consternation. She was facing a temptation, for there was no doubt but the dainty little creature was as attractive to her as to the rest of us.

"She is a Miss Presley—a Miss Annie Presley," said Cousin Marcella.—"She is doubtless very charming and very gifted, but, my dear, actresses are known to have so far forgotten themselves as to wear tights!"

Her voice shook with outraged womanhood and anxiety for me, and I had to pat her cheek and say that probably we would be too busy to see much of the new people, although I had heard that the most exclusive people in America were only too anxious to receive the great actresses.

"But never a Worthington—never a Worthington, my dear," said Cousin Marcella loftily, and for the moment she felt that she, herself, was one.

At dinner that day the unbeliever brought a great cluster of pale wisteria and laid it at Cousin Marcella's plate. She was startled, but regained her composure and thanked him gracefully, while the professor suddenly glared at him over his shoulder and asked Miss Presley if she had enjoyed the beach that morning.

Such a mess.

Cousin Marcella suddenly straightened anxiously, the unbeliever turned his shoulders, which certainly are the most lover-like shoulders that ever grew, toward her and asked if she ever had thought how much women resembled flowers. She looked down at the dainty blossoms, and in spite of herself she blushed. So did he, but because he wanted to laugh, and did not dare. It wasn't fair. She is wholly unused to gallantry, and he should have remembered it. So I asked him for the pepper, and the professor looked at him over his glasses and began to talk about the utter untrustworthiness of the average Italian.

"They are simply nature's children," said the unbeliever. "I regret all my days that I am not a Neapolitan, with nothing to do but love the world I'm in."

Cousin Marcella turned troubled eyes toward me. I was taking it all in, and she rose, motioning for me to follow.

"Your flowers, dear Miss Lapworth," said the unbeliever, jumping up quickly and following her.

She had left them purposely, but he held them out with one hand and opened the door with the other. He certainly has very good manners; but I am afraid he does like to be wicked.

Cousin Marcella went straight out into the garden and the professor followed. They stayed out there an hour, and when they came in she had been crying and they both wore an enormous bunch of violets, hers in her dress and his in his lapel, and he was saying:

"You shan't be troubled, blessed. We will change our seats at the table."

So we are at one end and the dainty actress and the big Canadian are at the other. They do have such jolly, merry times. Sometimes I wonder if it wouldn't seem younger to be down there with them.

Now in order to make you fully understand the situation, I must tell you about one other person in the pension. She is an American, a Mrs. Butlar, well read, well bred—that is to say, with many important ancestors—and eccentric. Her son was married while in college, upsetting his course and breaking her heart. So she came over here to forget it. She plays solitaire and cheats herself, and takes walks and reads novels and cries. We were in Florence together, so she followed us down here and now is living in dread of the third of March. A fortune teller came to the pension in Florence, one day and we all had our fortunes told. Something terrible was coming to her for six consecutive years on that date. Did you ever? It is enough to kill anyone to have that hanging over them. So she takes quinine and scraped beef and cries, and we have to comfort her and give her a soothing mixture and divert her mind and let her cheat at solitaire so she will win and feel happy.

The unbeliever was very sympathetic when she first came. He used to take her rowing and driving and off on excursions, and talk to her over the



papers at night. He has quantities of mail; but it is very curious. He knows all about everyone else, but there is not one soul here who can find out about him. Mrs. Butlar gave up trying, and accepted him as he was, and loved him all the better for the mystery, and finally wouldn't allow anyone else to look at him. So when the little lady from the States appeared she nearly had a fit. I am rather inclined to think there is reason for it. There has been such a sneer in his eyes and voice at times, and now he seems utterly different.

I saw him offer to carry Miss Presley up stairs one morning. She turned and looked directly at him, without a smile, as if she were measuring him, mentally and morally. Then she lifted her arms and he took her as if she were the most exquisite thing on earth and he couldn't be too careful. He put her down and steadied her for a minute, and then she thanked him and went down the glass covered balcony in her lavender gown with the great bunches of purple wisteria over her head, and he stood there watching her till she was out of sight. Then he lifted his arm and laid his cheek against the sleeve where hers had rested. Maybe she is teaching him to believe, after all. It is very terrible when a man loses his faith in all women.

After that he used to carry her down on the beach and read to her and catch the little green lizards that scamper about and make them run races. At night they used to pace the balcony, talking about home and watching Vesuvius, and Mrs. Butlar used to come to the window and watch them.

Then came the third of March. Mrs. Butlar sent for Cousin Marcella. She said she was dying. This was her death day. The gypsy had told her so. She had given her love where it never could be returned, and it was well that she was to leave this earth. Cousin Marcella dosed her with Jamaica ginger and

valerian and by and by she revived sufficiently to be dressed, and then Cousin Marcella and the professor hired a carriage and carried her off down town, which I thought was very good of them.

"A fool woman," the professor calls her; but Cousin Marcella has learned that even "fool women" suffer.

That night I heard her out on the balcony with the unbeliever.

"But you used to go with me. What has happened?"

A grunt and then a silence.

"Can't you understand that a man feels sorry for a woman sometimes, but that that is all there is to it? You are the mother of a grown-up son. You ought to know the world by this time."

Then more silence.

He came down the balcony, out into the garden, where I had hurried for fear they would think I had been eavesdropping.

"Little American," he said irritably, and took my hands and kissed my finger tips,—"if all women were sensible, would all men be, too?" Then he gave me a push.

"Go into the house, child," he said; and when Mrs. Butlar lumbered around the corner he was calmly lighting a cigar, long, black, wicked looking and Neapolitan, and was sauntering out of the garden.

We were working at such cross purposes that I began to get troubled. Cousin Marcella at points with the actress, the professor with the Canadian, with Mrs. Butlar and the actress and I looking on and wondering how it would all come out.

Miss Presley had an afternoon tea one day, but Cousin Marcella was busy down town, and when we came home it was all over and she and the unbeliever were promenading the balcony, as usual, watching the fire pale and glow on Vesuvius, and the fishing boats come around the bend. They are very picturesque, dim, shadowy things, with rest-

less torches and swift spears. One night as I stood watching them they were pictured in the inky black sky above me. Men, boat, spears and fire, no detail was lacking. People said it was a mirage, but it was very real to me.

So the days drifted on, as Neapolitan days do, and then one morning the pretty little lady was lifted into a carriage and her luggage was strapped on behind and her nurse got in, and they were driven away. Cousin Marcella came out on the balcony with a letter in her hand, and a look of intense relief on her face.

"Emily Worthington comes this afternoon," she read. "On important business. Regrets that I had not made known my presence earlier." I wonder why?" mused Cousin Marcella.

So she conferred with the landlady, and everything was scrubbed and polished and scoured in the dining room and a nice lunch was ordered, and at noon Mrs. Worthington descended upon us. I never had seen her, so I supposed she was something like Cousin Marcella, only more so. Not a bit of it. She was short and plump and vivacious and covered with feminine, fluttering ribbons and veils and fluffles; and with a big bunch of flowers tied on the handle of her parasol. She kissed Cousin Marcella affectionately on both cheeks, then looked around.

"Where is she?" she asked gayly. "Don't waste a minute. Bring her right on, if you possibly can."

Cousin Marcella looked bewildered. Emily always was in a hurry and usually hungry, but this seemed more impetuous than usual. She was afraid the pigeons were not ready, but would ask the landlady.

Pigeons — landlady?" said Mrs. Worthington, puzzled.

She smoothed out her ribbons.

"Never mind about them," she said excitedly. "I can't stay to dinner. I came for you and Miss Presley to drive

with me and have a lunch, and maybe a little—well—call it a picnic, if you like. It is an excursion over here. At home it would be the other."

Cousin Marcella found a chair. Mrs. Worthington rattled on.

"Such a chance. And you never said a word, Marcella Lapworth. In the same pension with one of the world's great actresses for a month, a whole month, when I consider myself lucky if I can get her for a tea in Boston. It was the opportunity of a lifetime; I hope you made the most of it."

"She's gone," said Cousin Marcella faintly. "She went this morning."

Mrs. Worthington never waited for the pigeons. She rattled her ponies up over the hill and down the road toward Naples, hoping to catch the party before the steamer left for the island. I think she did from another letter which Cousin Marcella carried directly to the professor. I heard her say to him:

"You were right, my dear. I was wholly in the wrong. I am afraid I was prejudiced and old fashioned."

Which, when you consider that she was saying it to the man she was to marry, and before whom she would naturally wish to seem infallible, was a very womanly and generous thing to do, and quite worthy of a Lapworth.

## POMPEIIAN SHADOWS

EUROPE seems to be filled with people who have a past which they are trying either to forget or to outgrow. Cook's tourists, and the man who tries to climb everything in sight and to do the continent in three weeks, are not apt to realize this, but ambling along as we are, taking our views and sight seeings leisurely, we can but catch stories of lives all along the way.

The God of all of us must be very pitiful, there are so many heavy hearts

under determinedly bright faces. I have learned so much about human nature lately that it makes me long to stretch out my arms over all humanity and give each soul what it needs for happiness. Why is there sin and sorrow and suffering and poverty in the world, if our Maker has the power to lavish sunshine. If our thought, tiny as we are, can compass the world with compassion, why isn't God's first impulse to sweep away all uncleanness and evil doing, and let souls grow like flowers. Why must there always be weeds? Gregg calls this my meditating mood, and tells me not to be an Atlas; that my shoulders are not broad enough to carry the burdens of the world; but these thoughts were meant to be expressed, else they would not come pouring into my brain. There would be less malice in the world if people only knew how much sympathy was needed on all sides. I have been thinking of a French woman in the big hotel at Rome. She was dressed in the deepest mourning. She was very tall, very imposing and accustomed to power. Her face was worn, seared like a man's with lines of suffering. I used to meet her each day as we went into the long dining room with two hundred and fifty others. The last day I was there she followed me from the room and put a little box into my hand. I never had spoken with her.

"For you," she said in excellent English, in spite of the accent. "You are like it. You are a heart's ease."

And, opening it, there was a tiny, Roman mosaic in the form of a pansy, cut for a ring or a brooch. I never shall see her again. She never will read this. It was like the passing of two souls.

Cousin Marcella is married. Isn't that surprising? And no one is more astonished than the dear soul herself. It came about in this way.

Too long a tramp in the hot sun brought her down with severe prostra-

tion. The professor wrung his hands and tramped back and forth on the balcony, losing the leaves of his last article, which they are preparing together, bringing useless bouquets of violets and asking fifty times a day for her temperature, till I nearly went distracted. So, after it was all over, and she was sitting up, invalid fashion, looking very sweet and loveable in a pale pink negligee, and he was holding her hands and telling her that he never had half realized how much he had grown to depend upon her companionship, I electrified them by asking them what they were waiting for?—why they weren't married here under Italian skies instead of putting it off till they reached the bleak winds of Boston and then contented themselves with filling a house with Galvin's flowers, when they could have a whole southern coast covered with the Lord's, just for the asking?

It was startling, I confess, and they looked like a pair of foolish children in their astonishment; but after numerous objections and haltings and questionings of ways and means, it came about, after much necessary and unnecessary preparation, that Cousin Marcella walked out into the garden, with its ferns and violets and garlanded walls, and, standing under the great fern palm in the center, listened to the simple service that changed her from Marcella Lapworth, U. S. A., into a happier faced woman.

I insisted upon her wearing white.

"I am too old," she said, pathetically, hoping all the time that I would deny it. That is one of the pitiful things about this existence; people fall so easily into thinking that everything belongs to youth, when the years that leave traces upon a woman's face make her infinitely more worth the having.

"Not a bit of it," I said vigorously. "You must have the loveliest gown that money can buy, and instead of a veil, we

will have flowers,—soft, white, dear flowers—in your hair, so that you and the professor will remember the glory of your wedding all your lives. Years won't seem so important to you after this," I added sagely.

She put her arms around me, kissing me and leaving the wedding for me to arrange, which I did to my entire satisfaction. And now they are away on their honeymoon, across the bay at Sorrento and Amalfi. I cautioned them about the latter place, knowing how absent minded they are sure to be, and read an article to them about a hotel that suddenly slipped from a cliff and plunged into the sea, killing people, sinking ships in the harbor and demoralizing things generally. So they promised to be careful and to come home in exactly seven days.

It is a month for weddings. The prettiest room in the villa is given to an Italian bride, here with her father and mother as well as the groom; an extremely sensible arrangement, I think, for no girl can leave home and old associations without a heart wrench, no matter how much she may love a man. I shall take the whole family when my turn comes.

While all this was going on at the front of the house, there was an equal amount of excitement at the back. Big, swarthy, black bearded Rafael, the "orphan," brought his bride home, too.

"No fadder. No mudder. No clo'es to wear. So soon get clo'es, marry," has been his one cry, with a wheedling look at our pocketbooks and into our eyes.

Day after day his white boat dances out on the water just beyond the villa. Sometimes he takes visitors across the bay; sometimes he catches fish with his net and eats them raw; sometimes he anchors his boat and falls asleep; but more often, he lies there, singing, beckoning, looking like a satyr posing as a Lorelei. He has waited for two years

for his heiress—somebody's maid with a dowry of two hundred francs. Why so thrifty a soul should choose him is beyond my ken, but he probably touched her imagination.

It was funny in spite of its serious side. The second day the bride came down to the beach to see him off. The third she followed him, scolding. The fourth day he beat her. The fifth she stormed up and down the sands, crying, while he sat out in his boat catching fish, eating them raw, and refusing to provide for the family. So she took her household goods and went home. He wears a black ribbon and stalks gloomily about, swearing; and all this trouble came about because of her cooking. He wanted his macaroni hot; she liked it cold; but if it hadn't been macaroni, it would have been something else, for he is as lazy as a sunfish.

Dear me, how can I write, when just below the balcony two Italians are singing and playing on their mandolins! "Santa Lucia" sounds in its proper place, here. But it makes me feel alone and forlorn, when everyone I love is miles and miles away. Pompeii is partially responsible for my blues, but it is just the kind of an evening to lean over the balcony with Gregg and talk over home affairs, and watch Orion up above our heads, and be kissed.

This morning was dire and dreadful. You will understand, now, why I am in such a mood. I visited Pompeii, chaperoned by Mrs. Putlar. It seemed an innocent excursion, but one never can tell what will happen over here.

Two Englishmen smoked all the way in our closed coach, but I feel responsible for no one but Americans. At the station we gave up our lunch boxes and cameras to the officials and stuffed our pockets with fruits and sandwiches, and followed our guide and a party of tourists that got off the train with us. The bleakness and barrenness and deadness of it all shuts around me like a wall.

even now, back here among the flowers and laughter. Gray streets, worn with the passing of so many feet. The watering troughs still in place, furrows in the stone, worn smooth where so many hands had been placed. Gray walls and ruined homes, street after street, block after block; and Vesuvius, sullen, smoke crowned, death dealing, towering above the city.

We wandered there hour after hour, looking at frescoes, watching the workmen excavate the houses, carrying the debris away in baskets. One house was six months old, another just peeped through its burial robe of grey dust; and everywhere hung this ghastly silence. I sat down on a block of stone and watched two tourists, a wheezy, stuffy, red faced man, very short, very stout, very pompous and irritable and short of breath. One of the most beautiful women I ever have seen was with him — the most beautiful and most wretched.

She put her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands and stared at the dust. He stared at her. Finally he shrugged his shoulders and stood up.

"You'll be here when I come back?" he said.

"Naturally," she said mockingly. "Where else would I be?"

It was a leaf torn from some tragedy, a peeping into prison gloom, and I took Mrs. Butlar's fat arm and hurried her away; and then I did have an experience. It had frightened her, too, and she went into hysterics. The tombs and ashes and deadness had gone to her head, reminding her of the fate hanging over her on the third of March.

She was about to die. Her body must be cremated. I must telegraph immediately to her physician at Geneva, and then write a full account later. I must find cognac; and down she went with wails and gasps and groans.

Shades of Cousin Marcella — wasn't I thankful she was safely off on her honeymoon. Didn't I resolve never to

get beyond her sight again. I dragged Mrs. Butlar into a corner and started forth on my errand, all alone, not knowing where to go, what to say, or to whom I should say it if I had. I hurried down the long, silent street toward the station, the only inhabited spot, thankful that it was daylight, looking behind me every few steps lest a ghost, or something more substantial, should appear and drag me off. I didn't dare go far for fear of losing my way, even though my bump of locality is extraordinary. I always have a fuss with my hair pins because of it.

Half way down the street I met a group of men, rough looking Italians. I was too frightened to see clearly, too troubled over my errand. There was nothing to do but to ask their help, though they might be brigands, for all that I knew.

They might easily have thought me crazy. But I gulped hard, remembered that I looked like an American, trusted to the streak of chivalry that lies in most men, and faced them, stammering my one poor, significant word — cognac.

They gesticulated, they stared, they jabbered, they took off their hats and bent low and gave it to me in a flask which one of them took from his pocket. The blur came away from my eyes and I thanked them as if they had been American gentlemen, and flew back up the street to find our guide trying to restore Mrs. Butlar with more cognac. I don't know where that came from. I fancy she had it with her. Then that went to her head, along with the deadness, and she sobbed bitterly. There were still hours before it was time for the train, so she leaned against the stones and slept, and I sat indignantly erect and the guide lolled against the walls of the house nearest us, perfectly contented and amused, earning his fee in the easiest way, and enjoying the situation and the sunshine.

At five she awoke, in time for the



train and to explain to me the evils of writing letters on Sunday; how a good Christian never should grow into the habit.

We reached the station, somehow, and got into the coach. Three young tourists were in it already. One of them reminded her of her son, and she wept again. My only comfort was that they were foreigners—Germans, I thought. She retold me the history of her son. She found a distinct likeness in the brown eyes of the man nearest me. She expressed her admiration, and again I was thankful that they were foreigners. I was at my wits' end, when suddenly she stopped, looked up, and said in her own natural voice:

"How very ill I have been. Such a distressing attack," and slept peacefully till we reached Naples. I studied my gloves and my boot toes and stared out of the window to keep from crying. The three read industriously till we came into the station, and the guard opened the door. Mrs. Butlar awoke with a start and rose unsteadily. Two of the young men swung themselves down on the platform, the third turned to me.

"It's a deuced shame," he said in the most American accent. "I do beg of you to let me put you into a carriage." And I did.

It is just as well that Cousin Marcella's honeymoon is nearly over. I am afraid that she is needed at home.

#### ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN

**G**OODBYE, dear, dirty, bewitching Naples. Goodbye, dear little, white butterfly boats, skimming over the bay past the villas and the gardens and the broken coast line. I shall carry your beauty with me as long as I live, and try to be glad that my life is but for a little while, while yours stays unchanged and glorious and wonderful

and inspiring long, long after I have grown old and forgotten. I wonder why the beauty of the world brings such an ache into my heart. I do not understand it, but it is there.

We are on our way toward London. I am writing this stretched in my steamer chair, an awning over my head, a fan in my lap, and two small English children at my elbow, watching my fountain pen with much curiosity. Farther along the deck a group of men and women are playing with rings and a stick, their object being to put as many of the former over the latter as possible, and lying comfortably in their steamer chairs are half a dozen more women in Summer gowns and slippers, each with a man in attendance.

I am in a new world, like only unto Kipling. No wonder he finds it hard to tell one story without dipping into half a hundred. He sees so much that he has something to say when he sits down to write.

All around me are flirtations and love makings and heart burnings and heart breakings, and Southern skies and stars, and the blue water of the Mediterranean by day and soft, close, warm darkness at night. We are on the British India steamer *Golconda*, bound for London via Gibraltar and the coast of Portugal and the Bay of Biscay,—where everyone expects to be deadly sea sick and so is laying in a stock of good times in advance.

Poor Cousin Marcella has been tied to her berth from the moment we started, thereby missing a series of shocks that might have proved fatal. The professor is still in his state room, so these first four days I have been all alone, discreet and conventional, as becometh a stranger. I am very much of a stranger, too.

There are whole families on their way to England. There are engaged couples, and couples that ought to be, and couples that evidently are engaged to the wrong one. There is a tall, pale

English girl, who walks with a little limp, and a tall English officer who is with her, reading aloud or talking or holding her embroidery silks all day long. There is a knot of talkative women who look at me curiously and turn their backs. And there are loads and loads of men. I never saw so many eligible men in my life. Young, middle aged, rich, mediumly so, good looking and otherwise, and with nothing to do but to be attentive.

Cousin Marcella would have ten fits if she were on deck. Everywhere is the mysterious, subtle, Eastern intrigue. Dark skinned men in blue turbans and toga-like garments slide and glide and steal past before you have the least idea of their being in sight. A punkah boy—I suppose that is his title—fans you at tiffin with an enormous fan. Queer looking dishes are held at your elbow, and you choose the most innocent looking and trust to the gods that no poison is in it, while the Malay or Hindoo or whatever he is, looks unutterable things and the children of light seem suddenly unsophisticated and shallow, when compared with the unfathomable depths of the inscrutable eyes that watch our slightest motion.

You are sure of but one thing: that life is of no consequence. The ship's officers are armed. Their cabins are filled with ammunition. The first officer told me today that if the passengers on a steamer knew a quarter of the things that go on there, there would be a panic in no time.

He is a Scotchman. A red haired, strong faced man, in exactly the place of his choice, and cheerfully conscious of the fact that but thirteen men stand between him and promotion, and "three of those may go at any time."

The steamer is so crowded that we have to share our state rooms, and the first morning I swung down from my berth on a sleeping ayah, curled upon the floor. I have not recovered yet.

Each little child has its ayah. Poor babies, white faced, dreamy eyed, stupid little creatures, and all of them drunk with opium. No wonder the English fathers and mothers spell Home with a capital. Only this morning I saw my ayah give some to a two year old boy down in the bath room, and his face was so white, with brilliant, beautiful, abnormal black eyes, that it sent a clammy feeling down my spine, as if I were inhaling some exquisite perfume, knowing all the time that it was poisonous. My ayah wears jewels in her nostrils and all along the rim of her ears, and bracelets far up her arms, and anklets and rings on her toes. She is a woman of importance, is that ayah.

But to go on with the story.

The first morning I climbed on deck and steadied myself in the doorway for a moment, looking for my steamer chair. The next moment I was surrounded.

Would I like a seat near the ladies? Did I prefer the inner rail?

Had I a parasol? Or a fan? Or a lemon? A cushion at my head?

I tried to keep my balance, but before I had recovered, the purser had me safely piloted down the deck at a convenient distance from the others, and there I was made comfortable.

And then began the promenade.

Back and forth went long men and short men and bored men and lazy men, betting on the rate of speed, roaring over jokes, pacing the deck so many times for their constitutional.

Two of them looked at me. One was short and stout and brown. Brown skin, curly brown hair, brown eyes that twinkled, and a mouth that went from ear to ear when my one precious lemon rolled off and careered wildly down the deck while he ran after it.

He brought it back in such a jolly way that I liked him. So I smiled, and he asked me if I got on at Naples, and if I were sea sick, and if I were able to walk yet, and would I like a book from the

ship's library. I thanked him and said no; and then the First Officer, who is the host on deck, came down and presented several more men. It seemed a curious way of doing, but everything is curious over here. So we talked about the weather and the water and the sky, and everything else we could think of, and then a woman called the short, fat one away for a game. The other pulled a steamer chair toward me and sat down.

"You are an American," he said, abruptly, looking me all over.

I immediately began to hate him.

"Yes," I said, looking off at the water.

"I knew you were," he said next.

"From my accent?" I suggested.

"No; from your shoes."

They are very good shoes, with mildly pointed toes and sensible heels and lacing. I looked at them with some interest and pride.

"Oh yes," I said sedately. "There's nothing as nice as that over here."

He laughed.

"It's not half bad over there, I dare say," he said patronizingly, "but it's a deuced extraordinary place. I suppose you are used to tramping about the country alone. The cowboys are said to be quite clever. I've seen Buffalo Bill. Saw his autograph in the visitors' book at the station in Pompeii. Doesn't write very well, but then, most cowboys don't, I fancy."

"Some are quite decent," I said loftily, thinking of Gregg.

"It must be a very unsophisticated country," he put forth next. "Else so many American girls wouldn't be wandering over Europe alone. There was a girl at Cairo—"

"But I am not alone," I said indignantly. "Cousin Marcella and the professor are both sea sick down in their state rooms. That is where American men of your class in life are finer grained than you. An American would have taken it for granted that there was

a chaperon somewhere, or else have thought nothing about it. Buffalo Bill represents America just as much as Mulvaney represents all England."

His lower jaw dropped a little. How I do hate a man whose mouth flops about.

"But there was a girl in Cairo," he insisted, beginning all over again. And then Lady Dubney came up and asked him to promenade, and she trotted him back and forth before me, so that I heard snatches like this:

"An American—says chaperon is down stairs—curious what globe trotters people from the States seem to be. Now there was that girl in Cairo—"

I asked the short, fat man, Mr. Hamilton, about the girl in Cairo, a little later. He swung around and looked at me hard.

"Where did you hear of that?" he asked.

I told him, and he shrugged his shoulders and looked rather red and queer.

"You mustn't believe everything you hear on a British India steamer," he said, hesitating a good deal. "She was a silly little thing, showing off in a hotel parlor."

"And you mustn't judge all America by the few that stray over here and do unconventional things," I said crossly.

"She was a Miss ———," he went on, as if he had not heard me at all. And to show you how small the world is, she proved to be a girl I had met at home.

I found out about it later. They dared her to do a dance, and she did it. The women were shocked, or pretended to be, and the men were amused, and the whole blame was laid on American customs. It does really seem, sometimes, as if all the well bred Americans were too poor to go abroad, and all the rich ones to vulgar to stay at home.

One day I went up into the monastery at Naples, a beautiful, reverent, saint-like old place. In the center was a well

filled completely with wonderful maiden-hair fern. Everything was so peaceful and quiet and old worldly, and we stopped to look at the ferns and to say a little wish for the people at home who would so appreciate these things and yet cannot afford to come. While we were saying it, around the corner rushed a group, and a girl screamed:

"I'm tireder than a brass monkey, and I wish you'd let this old pile alone and come along home."

I wished she had stayed there.

By and by Lady Dubney got tired and sat down, and the man, whom I will call Mr. Badger, because it is appropriate, came over to me and asked me to promenade, or rather to try it, because I can't walk alone yet.

"Thank you so much," I said sweetly, "but it wouldn't be correct."

He looked blank.

"We've only just been presented," I informed him. "I don't really know you, you know."

"Extraordinary!" he exploded, and stared as if I were a new species.

"Not at all," I explained. "We are rather conventional in some parts of America. I am a New England girl, you know—near Boston—eastern coast of the country—and really, the people there are very much like old England in their ideas of conventionalities."

Shades of Cousin Marcella! Didn't I elaborate with glee. Didn't I know the rare bliss of sweet malice as I looked pointedly down the deck where one woman was tying a man's necktie and another's hands were being held under the pretence of palmistry, and a third woman was languishingly allowing a man to feed her with some unpronounceable Indian mixture.

The British mind is not dense upon all occasions. His eyes followed mine, and he understood. He bowed very stiffly, very snubbily, and marched off to the smoking room, while Mr. Hamilton looked up from his book and chair

and laughed till he nearly had a fit. He is a tea planter—the only son of a tea merchant in London. He lives in Ceylon and has twenty thousand pounds a year, which is quite a little income for one young man to spend. He is going home to find him a wife, which wouldn't be at all difficult right here. The women all pet him and call him Tony and ask his advice and tell him how lonely and misunderstood they are; and he listens and smiles at them and by and by excuses himself and goes off alone and smokes, just as they are reaching the most interesting part. It must be extremely trying to do the love making yourself, and then not succeed. I had rather go without it. One of them asked him for one of his curls just now, and he sat up straight and ran his fingers through them—they are so closely cropped that they do not amount to much.

"Couldn't possibly," he said, alarmed. "I'm saving them for my wife to pull."

And then he jammed a cloth cap over them and went on reading.

That was yesterday, but it seems like a thousand years. The days are beautifully long, and you grow lazier each hour, till it takes all your courage to watch the water and sky and stars and play an occasional game in the afternoon and dress for dinner and watch the flirtations. Late in the afternoon Mr. Hamilton rushed down the deck to my chair. "They're at it," he called. "Hurry up, and you will see something." So I scrambled up, he took my arm to steady me, and we trotted down the deck together and met Mr. Badger half way. He scowled, then followed.

On the lower deck the men were filing into place. Each wore something like a white satin smoking jacket, heavily embroidered with silver, and a white smoking cap to match. The satin and silver glistened like snow and the water stretching far off on the horizon seemed

deeper and more mysterious than ever as I came to the end of the boat, where I could look off and off into eternity. The priest came down the deck. The men seated themselves on squares of red silk, then bowed and bent till their foreheads touched the floor, and the Mohammedan service with the Koran went on, just as if they were back in the East, instead of rising, falling, pushing ahead on the broad Mediterranean.

"You don't often get this chance," said Mr. Hamilton, watching them. "The ship's barber usually does the praying for them all. It's more convenient and saves time."

Lady Dubney pulled his sleeve. Mr. Badger swung close to me.

"Where's the difference?" he said pointedly. "It's only a day later."

"One day is as a thousand years," I quoted, with much loftiness, trying to be like Cousin Marcella.

"It's more apt to be in the twenty thousand pounds," he said savagely, looking at Mr. Hamilton—which is how I happened to know about his income.

And then I did honestly snub him. I turned my back with dignity, and asked Mr. Hamilton to teach me to walk. So we promenaded back and forth, for turns, till it grew toward evening and I knew Cousin Marcella would need me.

I am not on deck all the time. There are a good many hours when I am looking after her, bringing her lemons and trying to make her comfortable. It was close in the cabin today, after the bright, beautiful air above, and my head ached when I finally went up stairs. The music room was open, so I sat there for a moment before going out into the light. Mr. Badger was turning over some books on the piano. At last he found what he wanted and brought it to me.

"Let's be friends," he said, sitting down on the long seat with me. "There

is not the least use in spoiling this beautiful trip."

"But I haven't," I said, a good deal astonished. "I never had such a good time in my life."

His mouth wobbled slightly, after its own fashion, and he put the book into my hands,—some waltzes called "My Queen."

"Will you be that?" he said, bending over me and trying to take my hand.

"Certainly not," I said stiffly. "I am an American, of the United States of America." And he looked so exactly as if he were proposing that I got up and hurried down stairs to Cousin Marcella as quickly as possible.

"Cousin Marcella," I said, looking at her firmly. "It is your duty to be dressed and carried up stairs, no matter how you feel. I do certainly need a chaperon."

She beamed at me in a gratified way, as if her teachings had borne fruit, and a little later, very pale, very dignified, very Beacon-street-unapproachable, was escorted down the deck and placed in a chair and carefully attended by her devoted and concerned young relative, who had the exquisite bliss of seeing an Englishman's face lengthen into astonished lines as her lorgnette swept the deck in its own peculiar fashion. Mr. Hamilton was kind and attentive, and chatted with the professor, and behaved as a well bred man does the world over. Now I must skip a few days. So many things have been happening that I have had no time to write.

The day before we reached Gibraltar, the captain arranged a dance on deck. It was the last chance, before entering the Bay of Biscay-o, he said. Everyone was sea sick and things always changed after that. He supposed it was due to the different climate. And so it proved.

All one afternoon the dark skinned servants were winding bunting on the railings and stairway, putting up awnings over the deck, with lanterns and flags,



till it was as pretty as possible, and quite like a gay ball room. The piano was carried from the music room and lashed to the inner rail. The men joked and laughed and finally went down stairs to dress for the affair.

I asked Mr. Hamilton what I should wear. He rubbed his curls rather helplessly and said some fluffy, light thing, he supposed. So I looked judicious and said I would put on pale blue, which was wondrously discreet, because it was the only evening gown I had. He agreed that it would be just the thing, which was a comfort. It is a little discouraging to be so limited in one's wardrobe when you wish to represent America. But I took satisfaction in arraying Cousin Marcella. She was glorified in pale grey crepe, with beautiful old lace on the bodice. Her hair was soft and wavy and knotted low at the back, with a smart little comb holding it in just the place to show the lovely curve of her head. The professor felt proud of her.

"Unusually beautiful tonight, Marcella," he said, beaming at her.

"A typical American of gentle birth," she said to him, looking at his fine head and clear cut face.

"You will do very well, my dear," she said to me cautiously. "Let me warn you against youthful indiscretions," with a bit of her old manner, which made me feel suddenly alone and forlorn. I wanted someone to praise me a little, too, and wished I could see Gregg just for five minutes.

We were late. Everyone else was on deck, and as I stepped out into the light the man at the piano played "Yankee Doodle," and the big, fat, fine looking captain made me a bow; and lo and behold the ball was given "in honor of the only American girl on board."

Wasn't he a dear?

I danced and danced. My waltzes were divided into four parts to give my partners equal shares, all expect one

which Mr. Hamilton stubbornly refused to give up. After each one I was carried back to Cousin Marcella's side, as if I had been at home, instead of floating down a deck that rose and fell so beautifully in exact rhythm with the music.

Mr. Badger begged very humbly for the corner of one dance, so after a very long while I gave it to him. He had been grumping against the rail all the evening, and it seemed unfair for anyone to be unhappy this one little time we were to be together. He put his arm around me, took my hand, went straight down the deck and across it, and before I knew what had happened we were out on the other side, where it was all dark and only a few lovely couples were at the far end.

"I've got you alone, at last, you little North American savage," he whispered, holding me close. "I love you—I love you—do you hear?"

I never moved. I seemed to be dreaming. I could neither think nor speak nor act, I was so bewildered. And all the time the music was swinging with the motion of the boat and the dancers' feet swept down the deck just beyond us. The soft, warm air of the night blew against our faces and the water beyond the ship's rails slipped by silently. It was so unreal, so like the plant that grows before your eyes from a tiny seed, or the ladder which the magician sends into the sky and then climbs it and disappears. I was so still that he was frightened. "Wake up, darling," he said hurriedly. "Did I frighten you?"

His face was coming down close to mine again, and I shook myself free from the spell that seemed to be over everything and everybody. "Take me back to Cousin Marcella," I said, something coming up into my throat and choking the words, and wrenching away I hurried out into the light, and slipped into a corner and pretended to watch the dance, when all the time my heart

was thumping so I could scarcely hear the music.

"Tired?" said Cousin Marcella, sympathetically.

And I said I was, thinking how strange it was that human beings should have so many queer emotions and experiences and those nearest them know nothing about it.

After it was all over and I had danced Sir Roger de Coverly with the captain, I went down to my berth and lay there listening to the ship's engines and the water against the port holes; and then I fell asleep and dreamed I had married Mr. Badger and was teaching Hindoo servants how to grind coffee.

The next day we passed Gibraltar, stern and grim and beautiful, and the steamer picked her way among the rocks and cliffs beyond, jutting out from the water like frozen lightning, so keen and cruel and terrible in their strength. Once past them, we sped on by the coast of Portugal and into the Bay of Biscay-o, and once there everything changed. A cold, sleety rain swept the decks and into the sea. Choppy waves sent everyone to their berths. The decks were deserted and all the dolce far niente life was gone. We had struck the northern bleakness, and human beings crept into their shells sullenly. There never was such a change.

Then one night, cold, bleak, forbidding, Mr. Hamilton hunted me up and we went on deck. Off at the right the great light of the Eddystone light house was flashing, growing faint, flashing, growing faint, and we paced back and forth, watching it keep us from danger. Mr. Hamilton wrapped his plaid around me as the keen air swept down upon us, and I laughed a little and began to sing, "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, I'd shelter thee."

"I didn't know you could sing," he said, very surprised.

"My music is my livelihood," I answered. He brightened all over, as if

he suddenly dared be himself. He turned me around till I faced the black water.

"You weren't meant for that," he said, and steadied me as we stood there. "You ought to have flowers and sunshine and bright things. Ceylon is very beautiful. I wish you would go back there with me. I'd try hard to make you happy as my wife."

He pulled off his cap, the wind lifting the curls he was "saving for his wife to pull," and he did look so brave and bonny and boyish and in earnest, that for the only time in my life I wished I had been a twin. Then I would have given her to him and have been happy.

After that everything seemed at sixes and sevens all over the ship. The captain was roaring orders, the men were sulky, the music room was filled with people sitting stupidly together. A girl was trying to write to her lover and sat chewing the pencil, finding nothing to say. Fancy that! Mr. Hamilton had left me down stairs, but I had slipped back, finding the closeness there intolerable. The English officer and the pale, lame English girl were on deck, and I followed them, meaning to hide in some corner and just think and watch the water. Something fell on the deck with a cling, and rolled toward the rail. The girl sprang after it and caught it.

"Let it go," said the man. "It's a good omen. You never loved him. It's not for a day. Think of the years and years ahead."

"But I promised—I promised," said the girl, sobbing. She took the little thing, and in the light from the door I caught the flash of a diamond. She tried it on her finger, but her hands trembled.

"Give it to me," said the man. "Poor little fingers; how thin they have grown. See—"

His arm swung back and then far out, and something flew into the air

over the rail and shot into the black water beyond.

"Oh—" shivered the girl. Then she turned to him and clung and hid her face on his breast, and he kissed her hair and held her.

And I went down to my state room, troubled and homesick and sorrowful, and wrote the whole thing to Gregg.



### THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD

WE have stepped from the limelight of the tropics back into sweet, wholesome sunshine again; and the realities are good, even though the past few months seem like a beautiful bit of dream life.

Dorset Square is our habitation, at present, an eminently respectable though not fashionable neighborhood. The square is hedged with substantial brick houses. A high iron fence runs around the green grass of the park-like enclosure. Inside are shrubs and trees and little paths, and each morning a young wife opens the great iron gate, and walks slowly back and forth, a St. Bernard followingly protectingly, his nose under her hand. She is like the hawthorn, or our own May-flowers, with her clear pink and white coloring.

Mr. Badger has come and gone. He asked me, point blank, to marry him, and I told him it was impossible. Mr. Hamilton came, too, one afternoon and stayed three hours. The dear old ladies owning the pension got together in the hall and fluttered and consulted, and when the dinner hour went by and he stayed on, they rang the gong, feebly at first, then more vigorously, then with force; but he never heard it, and they finally gave up in despair, and contented themselves with eyeing me reproachfully, later on.

He looked out of the window a good deal, and told me about his home and

family life; but he never mentioned Ceylon. Then he stopped looking out of the window and began to look at me, and after a very little, he got up quickly, took my hand with a rush, and said: "God bless you, dear," and went out of the room and down the steps, never turning once toward the house again. I wish Gregg might have met him. He would have liked him, too.

The next day came an avalanche of trunks, two elderly Americans and a girl. She was strangely familiar, though I could not place her. Her skin was tanned till it was a rich brown. Her hair fell in short curls around her face, making it childishly young for her height and proportions. I studied her all through dinner, listening to her chit-chat with the others. She was going home in time for a certain young man's graduation. There were twenty gowns from Paris in her trunks up stairs. Would we like to see them? She would show me curios and all sorts of things, and tell me of her experiences, exciting enough for a novel, if she only could write. She would show me her costumes for fancy dress parties.

So up stairs we went, and, gathering the curls into a little knot, she slipped a crown of false ones deftly over them, put on a red cap and an embroidered jacket, all the time commenting upon this and that—an endless line of stories—her back toward me.

She was nearly run away with. Such a handsome man, too. It was the custom of the country for the young men to race for their brides, swooping them up and carrying them off on their horses. This man spoke English perfectly. He asked poppa if he might explain the custom to him. Poppa said: "Yes, but with one of your own countrywomen," and the man was furious. Such a pity. Such gorgeous brown eyes. Such excitement, everywhere. A perfect furore at one place of admiration and astonishment and surprise that she should have

conquered the country's customs so quickly. It happened in this way. She had always known how to dance since she was a tiny girl.

The brown curls bobbed briskly as she turned and faced me. And I placed her. It was the girl from Cairo.

A day or two afterward I walked Gregg and Jack, as unconcernedly as if they had taken a car from Newton.

"Came over on business," said Gregg, when I fell upon them and demanded the reason for their appearance. But it wasn't that, at all. He looked at me waveringly, as if he weren't quite sure of me, and then took possession of my hand and tucked it under his arm, intending to keep it there for the rest of my natural life. I had forgotten how masterful he is at times. I feel like Cousin Marcella, now that he is here, taken care of, protected, looked out for and loved—it's good. I am not a bit of a clinging vine, but a sturdy oak in the family certainly is a comfort.

And as for Jack—how have I ever lived without that child? Every freckle, every bruise, every bumpy place where he has tried to mend his stockings himself, is precious. I simply curled up on the couch and spent one whole day listening to the home doings. And whatever could equal those in Ceylon?

I led him into all sorts of confessions—the boys' treats of soda water; the taming of Caesar, the homeliest, ugliest bull terrier that ever wrought havoc in a peaceful home; mother's birthday, and the apple blossoms around the cake and the scissors he bought with his own money for a present. How he was seventeen cents in debt and was worried. How he spoiled his best clothes by leaning against the freshly painted piazza post. How mother said she certainly should sew up his pockets if he stuffed them so full day times that it took all night to empty them. How he didn't believe much in the Bible lately, though he didn't dare tell mother

so. It was all foolishness to think that John the Baptist's head could come galloping in on a charger. How could it stay on?

Here the professor chuckled, and Jack stopped his half murmured confidences. The first two or three days he was wide eyed and silent, following us about in our sight seeings. Shall I ever forget Westminster and the great organ and the choir boys and the afternoon lights on the windows? Jack trotted with us very wise, very absorbed, but when we reached home he slipped away and went into his room. A little later a series of sobs and gurgles and chokes startled us.

"Bless my soul," said the professor. "What's that?"

I listened, then sprang to my feet.

"Let me go," said the professor.

Cousin Marcella laid down her pen and looked at him with concern. He knew nothing whatever about children, and I felt that my place was with Jack.

"Under the weather?" said the professor, opening the door briskly.

No answer.

"Got a stomach ache?"

A subdued denial.

"It's a bad feeling," said the professor, sitting down with him. "I've been troubled with it, myself. It's just about the worst kind of an ache to have. I've been homesick for a home a good many years. In fact I've only just gotten over it."

"Shouldn't care so much if I had my 'Swiss Family Robinson,'" sobbed Jack.

Visions of a worn out, much thumbbed, defaced book flashed before me. It went to bed with Jack at night. He sat on it during meals. How could he have forgotten it?

"I will just take off my coat," said the professor, meditatively. "I have been thinking for some time that I would like to play Robinson Crusoe myself."

And we had supposed that the professor cared nothing about children. Cousin Marcella's mouth quivered a

little, and she swept her writing materials aside impatiently.

"I think," she said with a little quaver in her voice, "that we have all been wanderers on the face of the earth long enough. I propose that we go home."

"Admirable, my dear Marcella," said the professor, coming to the door and looking anything but dignified and literary as he mopped his face with his handkerchief.

Gregg never said a word, but he looked into my eyes and I put my hands in his.

We tried hard to finish our sight seeing after that, but it was mostly a blur of shoppings and short excursions and hurrys home to talk over gifts to be considered. And then came the last ocean trip—so different from the other two, so infinitely happier. The day before we landed, Jack climbed on the arm of my chair, pointing at a passenger.

"That man lies," he said solemnly.

I was shocked.

"Mother never would let you speak like that Jack, dear," I said gravely, thankful that he was almost home again.

"He does," said Jack. "He told me if I would walk you up and down the deck every morning he would take lots and lots of pictures of you and give me some; and he hasn't given me one, and I don't dare ask him."

I nearly had a fit. Day after day I had paraded those decks, blown by the wind, burned by the sun, in all sorts and kinds of moods, simply because a strange man had wished to take my picture and had bribed Jack—Jack, whom I thought I was entertaining because he was homesick. I fell against my chair and Gregg went off into a gale of laughter, throwing back his head with the little wag I love, and utterly refusing to see the horror of the situation.

"You'll not wish you were in Cey-

lon?" he said to me, half bantering, half wistfully the last night on board the steamer as we stood by the rail.

"Gregg, dear," I answered, clinging fast to his arm and looking off toward the horizon, that I might steady my voice more easily, "there is no place in this whole world like home for me. And just as my mother and father stood together for the best things of life, the good, true, fine things, free from littleness and suspicion and treachery, so I mean to stand with you—God willing—till the end."

Dear little book, I am turning the last page. You have gone with me through many beautiful days and through experiences that have deepened me and made me better worth the loving, I hope, since to realize good we must recognize evil and learn to be pitiful before we can be truly just. The tangled, sorrowful lives I have caught glimpses of, here and there, make me doubly grateful for my New England heritage, with its quieter, saner conditions. I have written much, yet the dearest experience of all lies behind each page, where only the one I love best can find it.

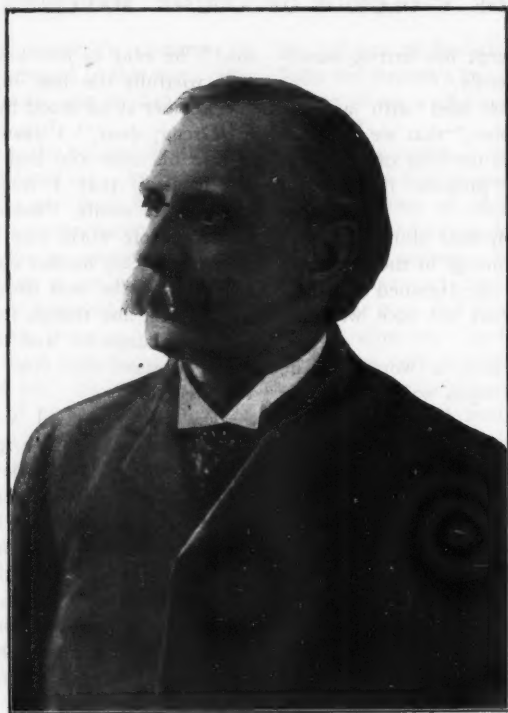
I owe so much to Cousin Marcella for the trip. I have told her so many times, though she insists that it brought her her life happiness as well. It seems a little absurd to think of the seriousness with which I began her education along lines where I had had absolutely no experience myself, but poverty and anxieties and the struggle with life unprotected by a father made me feel a kinship with suffering. I read people's needs. I knew how to work, but I had to learn how to play. I could face duties, but I certainly was a baby as regards the life of the emotions.

"Almost through?" says Gregg, anxiously, bending over my shoulder as I write.

"All through," I answer happily.

Dear little book—goodbye.





THE FOREGOING IS ONLY A FAIRLY GOOD LIKENESS OF ALBERT EDWARD WINSHIP, LITT. D., THE HANDSOME YOUNG EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, OF BOSTON.—DR. WINSHIP'S SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY WAS SIGNALIZED BY THE PRESENTATION TO HIM, WITH SUITABLE ACCOMPANIMENTS OF EATING, DRINKING AND TALKING, OF A BEAUTIFUL VOLUME CONTAINING PORTRAITS AND AUTOGRAPHED SENTIMENTS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE WINSHIP CLUB, COMPRISING, AS SET FORTH ON THE TITLE PAGE, "LESS THAN ONE PER CENT. OF HIS FRIENDS."—WE DO NOT CLAIM THAT THE FOLLOWING SENTIMENT IS GOOD POETRY, BUT WE DO ASSERT THAT IT IS A TEMPERATE AND JUST ESTIMATE OF DR. WINSHIP.—IT SHOULD BE BORNE IN MIND THAT MR. LUCE'S SPECIALTY IS NOT POETRY, BUT STATESMANSHIP; HE IS A MEMBER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE AND A LEADER IN PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION.—THE POETRY IN THE WINSHIP BOOK WAS DONE BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS, PROFESSOR AMOS DOLBEAR OF TUFTS COLLEGE, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED BARDS.—NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR., THE LAUREATE OF ADVERTISING, SET DOWN A SHINING TRUTH WHEN HE STATED THAT WINSHIP HAS DONE A LOT MORE GOOD IN THE WORLD THAN HE HAS EVER GOT CREDIT FOR,—WHICH IS LIKELY TO BE THE CASE WITH MEN WHO THINK FIRST OF THE GOOD, AND LATER, IF AT ALL, OF THE CREDIT FOR IT.

DR. A. E. WINSHIP



By Robert Luce

**T**O you who have shown that Church and State  
Need not in truth be separate;  
That one may study both books and men,  
May do good work with both tongue and pen;

A stalwart partisan may be,  
Without a single enemy;  
May burn the candle at each end,  
And still have light enough to lend;  
To you who ne'er a friend forsook,  
A friend helps dedicate this book.

# CORPORAL GRIFF

By Oscar Hatch Hawley

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY

THE burning disk of day slipped from view over the edge of the horizon and the black pall of night blanketed the earth with tropical rapidity as the troops dropped to the sun baked earth, exhausted from a day's march. Innumerable specks of light soon dotted the darkness and flashed with fitful glare or burned with dull glow as light wood or charcoal was thrown in the blaze.

Around one of these fires five "non-coms" from C Company gathered to prepare their evening rations of coffee and bacon. In a silence eloquent of fatigue the brief meal had been disposed of and pipes lighted when out from the darkness near at hand a scrap of conversation fell on their ears:

"—have come to a pretty pass when a whole regiment of infantry must go on an expedition against a lot of niggers," said the first voice scornfully.

"Disgusting!" was the reply.

"And saddled us with artillery and engineers, too."

"Sent us out to get used to the country, I guess."

"To chase our shadows, more likely."

"The idea of looking for fight off in this part of the world is strictly the limit."

"Do you suppose we'll ever see the enemy?"

"Enemy's a hot name to give a bunch of niggers." (In a sneering tone of voice.) "No, I don't suppose we'll ever see 'em—or even hear 'em!" (With an attempt at facetiousness.)

"If any of 'em should happen to get in our way—"

"What we'd do to 'em would be a plenty."

"Too bad we won't have a chance for some real good scrapping."

"Out of the question, but I'd give my—"

The voices trailed off into inaudible murmurs. For a few moments there was silence around the camp fire, but after a while one of the men spoke:

"That shave-tail ought t' have a bandage on his nut," he said.

"Wouldn't be a bad thing fer th' sky pilot, either," commented another.

"Suppose we'll ever see 'em?" In a mimicking undertone.

"Er even hear 'em," laughed the other with heavy sarcasm.

"You'd think he was used t' havin' niggers fer breakfast."

"My eye! but he's savage."

"An' did y'u hear that dispenser o' grace?"

"Reg'lar fire eater."

"Guess he wants t' save souls an' then send 'em home 'fore they have a chance to git contaminated."

Both speakers laughed heartily at this sally of wit.

"Aw, stow that yap an' tackle a man o' your size."

It was the voice of Corporal Griff, gruff and authoritative yet not domineering or overbearing.

"But did y'u hear 'em?" protested Corporal Roper.

"Wot of it? Let him talk. Who's got a better right?" demanded Griff.

"Him? A shave-tail, jest from th' 'Point'?" returned Roper in astonishment. "What's he shootin' off his mouth so savage fer?"

"Well, give him a chance, 'n' don't fergit that he ranks you a peg or two."

"But he never seen a regiment before. Wha' does he know 'bout th' fightin' game?"

"Probably 's much 's a lance corporal," returned Griff laconically.

The others set up a howl of pleasure. It was a thrust home, for Roper, who had seen only six months of service, had just been granted the privilege of wearing the two barred chevrons.

Lieutenant Hartley and Chaplain Dean, the cause of the controversy among the "non-coms," had joined the Tenth a fortnight before. The former had just completed his course at the academy and, perhaps, held a somewhat exaggerated view of his importance and of his vast erudition on things military. The chaplain, appointed directly from the theological seminary, was still at that period of egoistic and arrogant newness when a glance at the barless shoulder straps on his khaki blouse served to fill him with a sense of great dignity and authority. He and the lieutenant had quite naturally drifted together and were a great solace to each other, for both were heartily opposed to the present campaign and could sit or walk together by the hour anathematizing the islands, the climate, the natives, the war office and—when they had run out of all other subjects—the postoffice.

When they joined the Tenth they had been overjoyed to learn of the contemplated campaign against an insurrectionary force in northern Luzon. They knew nothing about the country, but had formed certain ideas from reports they had read and heard, and felt that the campaign would be more or less of an outing in which they could combine business with pleasure and thoroughly enjoy many new and novel experiences. Two weeks of steady marching under a tropical sun, through dense chaparral, over turgid mountain streams, across great stretches of open country covered with tangled pampas grass, had taken something of the romance out of the expedition and both young men had grown sour and disgruntled. This was not greatly to be wondered at, for thus far there had been no sign of hostile

natives save occasional black men, of whom fleeting glimpses were now and then seen, and at whom the soldiers took pot shots for practice.

In the ranks there was something of the same feeling, especially among the "rookies" who had not yet learned to take the soldier's life with that philosophical indifference so noticeable in old campaigners. The "rookies" simulated contempt for any foe they might encounter in Luzon or elsewhere in the Philippine group, and especially did they laugh at the wild and weird tales told by Macabebe scouts about the insurgents at Balombong. It was impossible that there could be a foe worthy the name in all the East, therefore they listened with scoffing incredulity to the Macabebes' assertions of well drilled armies, Spanish officers, smokless powder and artillery. From the Macabebe point of view it might be all right, but then the Macabebes were savages themselves and their standard of fighting was slightly different from that of civilized men and of course could not be taken at par value.

"Don't you think they're a lot o' wind bags, Griff?" asked Roper a day or two after the incident first mentioned and after the Macabebes had given a particularly long and lurid account of the native garrison at Balombong.

"Tomorrow'll prob'ly tell," was the short response.

"Wha d' y'u mean?" asked Roper, greatly puzzled. "Y'u don't s'pose there's goin' t' be any such thing's a fight d' y'u?"

No response.

"I jest heard th' shave-tail sayin' 'at he didn't anticipate no 'mmediate trouble," continued Roper.

"Well, I got over this anticipatin' business quite a while ago," said Griff slowly.

"How d' y'u mean?"

"Sixteen year in th' injun country's shown me what y'u might call th' futil-

ity o' anticipatin' anything in this kind o' business."

"But these ain't injuns."

"No?" Griff's voice showed tolerant amusement.

"They're nothin' but a lot o' niggers."

"Maybe so they be; I ain't had much experience with 'em, but they's one thing y'u don't want to fergit."

"Wat's that?"

"Not to under rate y'ur enemy."

"Well, d' y'u figger 'at there's likely to be somethin' doin' t'morrow?"

"That's w'at."

"But y'u said y'u wa'n't anticipatin' anything," said Roper querulously.

"Y'u don't have t' anticipate with the enemy intrenched three mile away."

"Then you believe w'at the Macabebes said?" Roper asked the question incredulously.

"Likely they know w'at they're talkin' about."

After that there was a pause for several minutes, during which Roper seemed to be thinking deeply. Presently a smile overspread his features and he said with an air of great amusement.

"Say, it'll be a barrel o' fun, won't it?"

"I've never noticed anything pertickler humorous in th' business," responded Griff dryly.

"No, not that," Roper laughed, "but if 't should happen t' be a good fight it'll be fun t' watch th' shave-tail an' see how he takes it."

"Say, sonny,"—Griff spoke paternally—"don't run away with th' idee that y'u'll have a chance t' work that rubber neck o' yourn, not t' any great extent, fer unless I'm mistaken y'ur time'll be fully occupied lookin' after th' unblemished hide of a certain lance corporal 'bout y'ur size."

"Say, git a new tune t' whang on, can't y'u." Roper grew surly under the taunt. "Anyway, I'll bet I don't flunk," he added boastingly.

"Pro'bly not, hope y'u don't; we'll know 'bout sun-up tomorrow," answered Griff complacently.

"As early as that?"

"I guess."

The gray mist of early dawn still enshrouded the earth when Roper pulled himself out of his poncho and sat up with a jerk. The bugler was blowing reveille, but at tempo presto, which seemed to indicate that something unusual was on foot. Men and objects showed indistinctly through the haze, but the camp was astir and everyone seemed filled with the impulse of haste.

The electric current of unrest was in the air and mingled feelings of apprehension and joy surged in Roper's brain. Perhaps Griff was right in his estimate of the situation. Perhaps it was only a few hours to the time when the Tenth would be advancing in line of skirmishers, driving a lot of niggers before them. What else could it mean? Never before had they been routed out at such an early hour and never before had such feverish excitement been evident in every quarter. Yes, it was fight, and he would soon be in the thick of it—such as it was—and would have the opportunity of knowing how it felt to be under fire.

Under fire. The thought filled him with a vague sense of uneasiness, and a fleeting emotion, almost of fear, crossed his mind. What would be the result of the encounter? Would he be one of those marked for oblivion or would kind fate permit him to enjoy the thrill of victory, to exult in the lust of conquest. He wondered how the others felt; if any of them had sensations akin to his own, and how—

There was the shave-tail now, not a dozen yards away. How was he taking it? He stood with folded arms, directing the movements of his "striker," who was busy with a blanket roll, and seemed not the least concerned with what others were doing. If anything,

he seemed more reserved, quiet, unassuming and dignified than at any time since he had joined the regiment, and his general demeanor was much like that of the older, more experienced officers. It had lost all semblance of braggadocio.

"Say, he looks like th' real goods, don't he," said Roper, ramming his mess kit into the haversack and throwing his blankets together.

The remark was addressed to Griff, seated on his little pile of accoutrements, complacently puffing at a corn cob pipe and staring through the smoke at the stirring camp. He either did not hear the question or chose to ignore it, for he made no reply, and did not even turn his head to see who was addressing him.

"Wake up, can't y'u?" called Roper angrily.

"Speakin' t' me?" queried Griff, looking around.

"Yes, speakin' t' you," answered the other shortly. "I said he looked like th' real thing this morning." Nodding toward Lieutenant Hartley.

"Say, sonny, y'u might find out some day that he is th' real thing—if y'u live long enough," he added after a pause.

The indifferent manner in which the words were spoken caused an unpleasant chill to creep along the spine of the younger man.

"Why," he asked, with all the calmness at his command, "y'u don't s'pose anyone's goin' t'—t'—git—a—a—"

Griff smiled. It was an uncomprehending, pitying smile, and he might have replied had not the bugler blown the call to "fall in" just then.

With half the men still on their knees strapping blankets or haversacks, the morning routine was perfunctorily dismissed and the regiment was on the march almost before roll call had been completed.

It was much the same as on every other day since the regiment left the

transport, save that the start was earlier and the progress more rapid. The column swung along in double file, twisting and turning with the sinuous nature of the trail, but advancing steadily toward Balombong, which, the scouts reported, was not more than half a dozen miles distant.

Old Sol was still sulking behind the mountains to the east and a faint mist was yet hanging in the air, when a report like the crack of a toy pistol echoed and reechoed down the valley. A "non-com" near the head of the column dropped his rifle, stood stock still for one minute, then fell forward on his face and lay quite still. His comrades stepped over the inert form, apparently giving it no heed, and the body was left lying where it had fallen. The grim business of war admitted of no delay. In a forward movement of this kind there could be no stops to succor the wounded, no loitering to look after the dead.

Within ten minutes half a dozen men—all officers or "non-coms"—had fallen from the ranks. Each had been laid low by a bullet from an unseen foe, and Colonel Stanley wore a somewhat troubled and anxious look as he realized that one by one his best men were being picked off and that he was powerless to stop it. What could he do to put an end to the slaughter? To halt and reconnoiter would be unavailing, as the regiment would then present a stationary target; so the advance must be kept up until the position for which they were aiming had been gained. Suddenly his attention was attracted by loud shouting down the line.

"Here, corporal, what 'n hell you doing there!"

It was the voice of Lieutenant Hartley, and Colonel Stanley turned just in time to see Griff rip the chevrons from one sleeve, the two-barred strip of cloth having already been torn from the other.



"Sharpshooters, sir," quietly responded the corporal, as he threw the cloth into the bushes.

"How dare you discard your sign of rank without permission from your superior officer," demanded the lieutenant, advancing with menacing gesture.

"Injun style, sir," replied the "non-com."

"By God! Griff's right," ejaculated the colonel. "It's sharpshooters that we're up against, and they're making targets of every man who wears a sign of rank."

A minute later an order had been given, and as it passed from mouth to mouth down the length of the column, shoulder straps as well as chevrons were torn off and thrown away or pocketed.

Presently the air was filled with a hail of flying bullets and it was evident that the column had come within range of the main body of insurgents entrenched on Martana heights a mile away.

"Double quick!" called the bugle.

The regiment swept forward on the run, and, reaching the Malaban river, deployed right and left along the half dry bed of the stream. Artillery came into action and filled the air with screaming shell, while hissing bullets sang an incessant song of death and destruction overhead or tore up the dirt and gravel with a rasping, twisting "swick, swick,"—an evil sound and one calculated to inspire men to deeds of desperation.

It was at midday when the crest of Maratana Heights was gained, and the insurgents driven from their trenches. The hill had been taken, but only after a long, wearying fight in which many a man had been left behind to be attended to later by the hospital corps—or burial squad.

Now the men were on their knees, picking the hard gravel with bayonets and throwing up little piles of dirt and stone to shield them from the enemy's fire. Two miles away the red tiled roofs

of Balombong shimmered in the glaring sun, and a mile nearer could be seen the secondary rifle pits of the insurgents, into which they were piling with more haste than order.

"Corporal Griff!"

The command, sharp and incisive, was given by Colonel Stanley, who came running along the ridge of the hill.

"Here, sir."

Griff jumped to his feet and saluted.

"Take a detail of twelve men, go down onto the bottoms there, and clean out some o' them sharpshooters."

The colonel pointed to the track in the rear, over which the regiment had recently passed.

"Very well, sir," responded the corporal, saluting.

"And say, corporal, look out for Major Dalton, who was hit just after we left the river."

"Yes sir."

"Where's Lieutenant Hartley; did he get plugged, too?"

"I guess so, sir. I haven't seen him for three or four hours."

"Well, the hospital corps is down there now, but if you run across the major or lieutenant, do what you can for them."

"Very well, sir." Corporal Griff slid his bayonet into the sheath and, walking slowly along the line, began calling out names.

"Maxwell, Brice, Henderson, Dayter, Corporal Roper," he called, and the men left their work to follow him down the hillside to the broad plain in the rear which was dotted with bread fruit trees and cocoanut palms.

Arrived at the foot of the hill, Griff deployed his squad at four paces with himself at one end and Roper at the other.

"Keep a sharp lookout on every tree and fire at the first sign of an injun," he commanded as they prepared to sweep the plain.

It was harrowing, nerve racking work.

The continual cracking of rifles on top of the hill effectually covered any reports in the rear and the squad had not advanced a quarter of a mile before the dozen men who had started out were reduced to half that number.

"This is gittin' too damn interestin'," commented Griff as he called the remnant of his squad together.

"Now see here," he continued. "We ain't got nothin' t' show fer our work yet, an' they's only six of us left. We're up ag'in' what y'u might call a brace game, but we can't squeal; we got t' take our medicine. But just so 's t' make th' dose pleasant an' give us some show fer gittin' back, I want every man t' hustle fer himself. Watch th' tree tops 'specially an' meet me back where Joyce got hit this mornin'. I'll take down th' center, th' rest o' y'u go off right an' left."

"But say," said Roper, before the men split up. "It's terrible, y'u know, t' be doin' this when we ain't got no show 't all."

The others—all veterans—turned and looked at him in amazement. He was white as a sheet and trembled so that he leaned on his rifle for support.

"Besides, I know I'll be th' next one t' git it," he continued, his voice shaking with fear.

"Who th' hell are you?" savagely demanded Griff. "D' y'u think y'ur carcass amounts t' anything?"

"N—no," answered the other, "only my girl, y'u know—an' I'm sure I'll be killed."

"Y'ur right there," said Griff, bringing his rifle to his shoulder. "Y'u'll git killed damn sudden 'f I hear any more o' y'ur snivellin'."

The gleam in his eye and ugly tone of his voice seemed to serve as a bracer for Roper, who suddenly ceased shaking.

"I'm all right now," he said aloud, grasping his rifle barrel close to the stock and getting ready to start on his lone trip. He had scarcely turned his

face to the rear when he gave a spring into the air, clutched his throat and then fell forward into the tall grass.

"Poor devil," muttered Griff. "Poor little devil. Hope his girl don't wait fer him, 'cause she might have quite a spell of it 'fore he gits back."

It was a half mile further to the rear that Griff's attention was attracted by voices near at hand. He was stealthily making his way through heavy bushes, keeping clear of well marked trails as much as possible and shooting into the top of every palm tree that was big enough to conceal a native. Luck had been with him. He had seen six sharpshooters tumble to the ground, and he felt that his work had been fairly successful, but for the last ten minutes he had seen nothing to shoot at. He was just preparing for another chance shot when he heard someone talking.

"Cheer up, old man, it's not so bad as you imagine," said the first voice.

"It could not be worse," answered the other.

Griff listened. He knew the voices. It was Lieutenant Hartley and the chaplain, and probably the lieutenant was badly wounded. He would go to them and see if he could be of any assistance. But he suddenly became riveted where he stood. What was it they were saying?

"I'm forever disgraced," said the voice of Lieutenant Hartley. "Think of showing a yellow streak first time under fire."

"And I'm in the same boat," answered the chaplain.

"Hardly. A chaplain is not supposed to fight; we are. No, I can never face the regiment again. I'd rather die than let them know I lost my head in my first fight. If I'd only been wounded, it would be all right. But here I am without a scratch and nothing to show for not remaining with my regiment."

"Why don't you wound yourself?"

asked the chaplain hopefully. "I've read of men doing that."

"Then I'd despise myself even more than now. I couldn't do it. If I'd only been hit by a stray bullet or a sharpshooter, or anything, just so I would have something to show as a reason, then I could retain my self respect and the respect of them. But now it is all over and I must—"

"Don't take on like that, old man, please don't," interrupted the chaplain sympathetically. "I'll tell you, it'll be all right if you will only go ahead and join the regiment. Say nothing. Make no explanations. It'll be all right."

"Can't see it your way, my boy. There's only one thing left for me, and if you'll kindly take yourself away I'll be much obliged."

Could this be Lieutenant Hartley, an officer and a West Pointer? Griff could scarcely believe his ears, yet he knew it must be, for the voice was unmistakable. An officer and a coward? It was inconceivable. Long years in the service had given Griff a respect and veneration for officers amounting almost to worship, and as he listened to Lieutenant Hartley and the chaplain his heart was filled with pity for the young man who had flunked when it came to the trial. It must have been a momentary weakness, for the boy showed nerve enough now. Did it not require the supremest courage to take one's life, and was not that what the young lieutenant was planning to do? If given another chance, he would prove himself as good as the best of them. It was not a great wonder, after all, that he had lost his nerve in the maneuvers of the morning. It had been a hard and trying fight, enough to test the mettle of the oldest veteran, let alone beardless youths whose most exciting experiences up to that time had been Fourth of July celebrations. What compassion filled Griff's breast. If he had only been near

that morning the boy never would have been left behind. He would have helped the novice along, he would have done anything for him. If he could only do something now, how gladly would he—

"If I'd only been hit by a stray bullet, or a sharpshooter."

The lieutenant's words seemed to ring in Griff's ears. Why hadn't the officer been hit. There were sharpshooters in plenty on the plain, and more stray bullets than a few. It was a shame that when a man wanted to get hit, when he needed to get hit in order to save his reputation, he could not be accommodated.

"'Hit by a stray bullet or a sharpshooter,' eh?" said Griff under his breath. "By hell, Lieutenant, y'u shall be accommodated, and," with a glance at the miniature metal targets on the lapels of his blouse—badges of marksmanship—"and it'll be kind of a combination sharpshooter stray bullet affair, too."

"Through th' right leg," he commented to himself, taking his rifle from his shoulder a moment later. "Guess that sky pilot's got sense 'nough t' put a first aid bandage on."

He crept away into the tall bushes, and was on his way to the rendezvous which he had appointed a few hours before.

\* \* \* \*

Black night had enveloped the earth when Griff again made his appearance on the firing line.

"Hello, corporal, 's that you?" asked Colonel Stanley as the "non-com" stumbled into the light of the headquarters camp fire.

"Yes sir, it's me," returned Griff, saluting.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I'd like another detail, sir."

"Another detail! What for?"

"T' bury th' first one, sir."

"Th' hell you say."

"Yes sir."  
 "Did you have any luck?"  
 "'Bout even up, I guess, sir."  
 "Hm. Well, that's not so bad."  
 "No sir."  
 "All right, take your new detail, and when you've finished report back here."  
 "Very well, sir."

Griff saluted and moved away into the darkness.

"By the way," called Colonel Stanley,

"see anything of Major Dalton or Lieutenant Hartley?"

"Yes sir. Major Dalton's killed. Lieutenant Hartley is wounded and being attended by Chaplain Dean," answered Griff.

"Hm. Take along a stretcher and when you get through bring the lieutenant up to the temporary hospital."

"Very well, sir."

Griff disappeared with a salute.

## THE RABBIT'S TALE

By James Ball Naylor

MALTA, OHIO

Pictures by Westerman



S AID the fox to the rabbit: "I hear  
 You know a rare tale of good cheer.  
 If you'd have me your friend,  
 With a view to that end,  
 Come and whisper your tale in my ear."



Q UOTH the rabbit: "It isn't my forte  
 To tell stories and things of that sort.  
 I know but one tail"—  
 And he fled like a gale —  
 "And THAT one's exceedingly SHORT!"



## FLORAL PLANS

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

If any plants in the garden are to be taken indoors for use in the window garden during the Winter they should be selected now; the branches pinched back to force a compact and symmetrical form of growth; all blossom buds pinched out as soon as visible (to permit blooming now is to sacrifice the power to bloom freely during the mid-Winter season), and care taken to keep them free from insects.

At every opportunity add to the supply of sand, leaf mould and fertilizers for the preparation of potting soil when needed, and be sure that a supply is stored away, ready for the hour of need, which may arise when out-of-doors is frozen hard.

Pots should be ready by the last of August, for some of the more tender plants will need to be taken in before there is danger of frost. In fact, all plants will be in far better condition if lifted early enough to be kept on the veranda, or other shaded place, for a short time and then put into their Winter quarters before it is necessary to close the house and start fires. Treated in this way the change is so gradual that it affects the plants but little, whereas those left out until the last possible moment and then hustled into pots and brought directly into closed and heated rooms are anything but ornamental for a number of weeks.

When planning the Winter collection, re-

member that plants cannot attain perfect development of either form or foliage when crowded. Two or three plants developed to their utmost beauty are far more ornamental than any number of half developed specimens. Give them room, and plenty of it.

Plants which have a woody stalk are not injured by having the surface of the soil level, or lowest in the center, for water does not injure the stalk; but in the case of plants growing in rosette form, from a crown center, the soil should be lowest at the edge of the pot to prevent water from settling into the crown of the plant and producing what is called crown rot.

When potting plants; bear in mind the fact that those grown for the beauty of their foliage should have large pots and plenty of rich soil to induce a luxuriant growth, but those grown for their blossoms will bloom more freely when root bound.

Whether a pot be large or small, never fill it so full that it is impossible to give the plant in it sufficient water without having it run over; when a pot is level full of soil much of the water poured on runs off and the plant gets very little moisture.

Plenty of space at the top, to permit the water to stand until it can soak down into the soil, is even more important in the case of hanging baskets, than with other pots, from the fact that being higher up, where the air is hotter and drier, they require more water.



If large plants are to be taken up the root growth will probably be too large for any pot of convenient size and it is a good plan to cut down through the soil and roots around the plant, leaving the part to be lifted slightly smaller than the pot into which

it will be put. If this is done a week or more before lifting, the severed roots will heal and the plant suffer no shock. The method is far better than taking the entire root and crowding it into a space far too small for it.

## WHERE THE POND LILIES GROW

By Elizabeth Leffingwell

BURLINGTON, IOWA

**A** HOT August day is closing. On the shore of a little lake, a cozy cottage is a house of gold in the evening sunshine. The great white pond lilies—the lake is full of them—rest gently on their immense leaves.

As the trees across the water take the setting sun into their midst, the quiet that has reigned all day is more pronounced. Now and then a timid "bob-white" comes from somewhere in the adjoining corn field. Away down the dusty road leading to the cottage the call is answered.

The lilies close, taking the day's secrets with them. Their dazzling whiteness is subdued, for the hour of memories has come; the twilight. Brightness has gone from all things. Lake and trees are fast blending

into an indistinct dark mass. The sun's farewell in the west has changed from red and gold to dull gray.

As though anxious to blot out the light, darkness comes and seizes all.

Quietly in the black dome above, the stars look down, shining their best; there is no moon.

The concerts of the insects and living things begin and the lake is full of sounds. From somewhere a light breeze springs; the leaves and grasses move softly.

There is a last gust of wind; a final harsh croak of a frog; the murmur of a million breaths is more and more faint. Another day has gone to join the long, dark procession of the past.

## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

### TO REMOVE COCOA STAINS

By W. A.  
Tombstone, Arizona

To remove cocoa stains from table linen or other fabric, soak the article in COLD water, when the discoloration will quickly disappear.

### AN INSECTICIDE FOR ROSES

By MISS CARRIE MIMS  
Elliott, Georgia

Save coffee grounds, dry them out, and put around your roses with equal parts of soot. It is a good fertilizer and insecticide.

### WASHING AN EVENING SHAWL

By MRS. THOMAS A. HANSON  
Pontiac, Michigan

Many beautiful evening shawls are ruined by home washing, and frequent dry cleansing is costly. If washed by the following method, an umbrella shawl will retain its original appearance.

Soak the shawl in a warm suds of white soap. Do not rub soap on the shawl. Squeeze the suds through it, but do not wring. When clean rinse in a weak suds of the same temperature as the first water. Throw in a heap on a clean sheet to dry, turning occasionally. When dry, pin in shape on a sheet, then sprinkle with cold water to raise the fluffy fiber.

A knitted or crocheted shawl so washed will appear like new.



"JUST AS YOU TOLD ME, MAMMA, A LITTLE COMMON BAKING SODA IN THE DISH WATER REMOVES GREASE FROM THE DISHES MUCH EASIER THAN SOAP AND LEAVES THEM LOOKING MUCH NICER." — [Mrs. M. L. Swingle, Dillon, Ohio.]

## TO RENDER HARD WATER SOFT

By MRS. W. J. D.  
Falmouth, Indiana

Take one ounce of the best quicklime and stir it well into a bucket of water; then stir all thoroughly in a barrel of water, and as soon as it settles the water will be soft and fit for use: the lime, having united with the carbonate of lime, which makes the hard water, will be all deposited.

## TO RENEW TARNISHED GILT FRAMES

By GRACE R. ELDRIDGE  
Grand Ridge, Florida

Take sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to one and one-half pints of water, and boil in it five onions; strain, and when cool apply to the parts that require restoring, with a soft brush, and it will come out as good as new when dry.

## TO REVIVE PATENT LEATHER

By MRS. H. W. WAGENSELLER  
Fairbury, Illinois

First rub with a linen rag soaked with olive oil or milk, and polish with a dry, soft duster. Cream and linseed oil in equal parts are a good polish for patent leather boots.

## AMMONIA'S USES AND ITS ANTI-DOTE

I  
By O. A. HOLBROOK  
Red Bush, Kentucky

A little ammonia in tepid water will soften and cleanse the skin.

Spirits of ammonia inhaled will often relieve a severe headache.

If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains ammonia will usually restore the color.

One or two tablespoonsful added to a pail of water will clean windows better than soap.

A few drops in a cupful of warm water, applied carefully, will remove spots from paintings and chromos.

To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

Keep nickel, silver ornaments and mounts bright by rubbing with woolen cloth saturated in spirits of ammonia.

II.  
By MRS. M. K. GLADMAN  
Richland, Kansas

If one of you has swallowed ammonia accidentally, make haste IMMEDIATELY to drink lots of water or skim milk or both, at FREQUENT intervals, while some one is stirring up a half-cup of STARCH and cold water, (two or three heaping teaspoonfuls of starch)—give a teaspoonful or so, every fifteen minutes.

The reason for this: First, the water to "flush" the stomach, thus diluting the ammonia so it will not find lodgement and burn the stomach; then the starch water forms a coating on the suffering gullet which the ammonia burnt like fire, and alleviates this distress until the doctor gets there. Otherwise your patient will likely be asphyxiated long before other help than yours can reach him. It will take QUICK work.

## PINEAPPLE SHERBET

By MISS. R. M. KINGSTON  
Jell-O Exhibit, Lewis and Clark Exposition

Two cups sugar, one can shredded pineapple, juice of three lemons, one pint milk, whites three eggs and water enough to make one gallon. Make syrup of sugar and water and cook three minutes. When cool, add the pineapple, lemon juice and milk into which has been dissolved one package Unflavored Jell-O ice cream powder. Now see that water enough is added to make a gallon, and then add the beaten whites of the eggs. Freeze in the usual manner.

## WASHING CHAMOIS SKINS

By LILA I. DUNBAR  
Mason City, Iowa

If washed in cold water with plenty of soap and rinsed well in clear cold water, the skins will never be hard, but very soft and pliable.

## CLEAN KITCHEN SHELVES

By EFFIE JACKSON-BIGGERSTAFF  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

The kitchen cupboard is more easily kept clean and in order if, instead of having paper on the shelves, white table oil cloth is used. Cut the oil cloth the size of the shelf and paste it securely on with either flour, paste or mucilage. The shelf can be wiped off with the dish cloth as often as needed and the cupboard is always clean.

## TO MEND OIL CLOTH

By ETTA GOWDY  
Walkerville, Michigan

Trim the edges of the hole to be mended, place an oil cloth patch beneath, and paint the edges on the wrong side. Press down tight against the patch and let dry. Paint all worn places, using the same color as the oil cloth.

## FANCY STUFFED DATES

By M. W. P.  
Boston, Massachusetts

Into a spoonful or two of jelly (quince is very nice for this purpose) stir some English walnuts, finely chopped, a very little crystalized ginger and a trifle of sweet mango pickle, all finely cut and well mixed together. Take the stones from Persian dates and fill each date with the mixture; roll the dates tightly in fine sugar.

## TO EXTERMINATE BURDOCKS

By T. R. FRENCH  
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

The hardest thing to contend with in many localities is the burdock. It is next to an impossibility to dig them out. If the least part of a root is left in the ground it will grow, but if you will take an axe or a sharp butcher knife any time in the Summer and cut them off level with the ground, and then pour on about a teaspoonful of kerosene oil, the plant will die at once and never start again. You can rid a whole field of them in a day.

## FOR CLIMBING BABIES

By MRS. B. CHAPPLE  
Wilmette, Illinois

Good sleep at night is necessary to the health of both mother and baby. My baby having fallen out of bed seven times during his first year, I was convinced that it was necessary to get something that would save me from this constant worry. I saw an ad. in the National Magazine of the Ideal Crib, made by Foster Bros. Mfg. Co., Utica, N. Y., and sent for it. The Ideal Crib is a great boon to mothers. The baby cannot fall out, climb over, or stick its head between the spindles. The crib is very neat in design and both sides raise and lower. The cost is \$10.

## CAKE FROSTING

By MISS KATE FOWLER  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

One full cup sugar to each egg; three tablespoons water to each cup sugar; a pinch of tartaric acid. Boil syrup made of the sugar and water until it begins to thicken, pour half of it on the whipped whites, beating thoroughly; cook the remainder of the syrup until it ropes like spun glass, then pour into the mixture and beat hard. This icing will not crumble and does not lose its freshness.

## TO REMOVE GREASE FROM BROTH

By L. R. WOOD  
Spartanburg, South Carolina

A good way to remove "eyes" of grease from beef or chicken broth, is to pass a piece of brown or white wrapping paper across the top of the bowl of broth before using. The grease adheres to the paper.

## MILDEW

By E. O. K.  
Highland, Ohio

To remove mildew, wet the article with soft water and rub it well with white soap, then with powdered chalk; place it on the grass in the sunshine and keep it damp with soft water. Next day repeat the process, and in a few hours the mildew will disappear.

## A LAUNDRY HELP

By M. E.  
Delevan, New York

Much of the labor of ironing sheets is saved if when washed they are hung lengthwise on the clothes line. The selvage will be found smooth as the rest of the sheet instead of "curled up."

## WHITE SPOTS ON TABLES

By P. B.  
Hanover, New Hampshire

To remove white spots from polished tables or other wooden furniture, pour upon the spots a few drops of spirits of camphor. Let the camphor remain for two or three minutes, then rub with a clean cloth. The spots, otherwise so difficult to remove, will wipe off.

## SUGGESTION FOR DARNING

By C. L. S.  
Ephraim, Wisconsin

If a woollen dress be darned with a raveling of the same, the place darned will hardly show. Use lengthwise thread on plain material. If a mixed goods, use thread to match direction of darning. Slightly wear end of thread to make threading of needle easier.

## HOW TO TELL YOUNG BIRDS

By MRS. J. D. S.  
Vernon, Texas

To tell young birds from old ones, when shooting or buying in the market, hold them up by the under bill so that the weight will fall on it. If the bill breaks the bird is young; if not, it is old.

## FOR BAKING DAY

By MRS. L. T. ADAMS  
Drakola, South Dakota

After taking bread from the oven, do not wrap tightly in cloth as many do; but rub the top of loaves with a little lard or butter, tip on edge on your kneading board so that all possible crust is exposed to the air and if possible place out doors or in the wind to cool quickly a few minutes, then remove to convenient place and let stand until thoroughly cold before putting away in box or can, and you will have delicious, tender crust.

## WHEN THE KETTLE BURNS

By MRS. E. M. K.  
Binghampton, New York

When a kettle of meat or vegetables scorches, place the kettle in cold water as quickly as possible and the food will not taste scorched.

## THREADING NEEDLES

By D.  
Granton, Wisconsin

When it is dusk and the sewing machine needle becomes unthreaded, just before the last quarter of a yard is finished, just raise the needle to a threading position, slip a piece of white paper or cloth under needle and see how easy you can thread it.

## FRIED SQUASH

By MRS. MAUDE GOLDING  
Hatfield, Missouri

Cut a fine-grained, dry, sweet squash into thin slices, pare, and fry in plenty of butter and season well. This dish will be found an excellent substitute for sweet potatoes.

## CARE OF WOODEN BOWLS

By MRS. MARTIN JACOBY  
Logan, Montana

To prevent the wooden bowls from splitting, take them when new, before they have been touched with water, apply boiling hot linseed oil over the outside and top edge, all that will penetrate.

# NOTE and COMMENT

By Frank Putnam

**R**IGHT in the midst of the reception tendered by Mr. Togo to his friends from St. Petersburg, and just as I was intently speculating upon the plans of a pair of robins that have been looking over the vacant nest in the cedar next my south window with an evident purpose to take it for the season if they liked it, the postman brought me an advance copy of "John Henry Smith," the newest work from the pen of Frederick Upham Adams, late of Chicago, now resident in Hastings-on-the-Hudson, New York. Mr. Adams will be affectionately remembered by a large circle of Chicagoans, in journalism, politics, letters and among the good eaters, as "Grizzly." Only warm hearted men ever get such intimately personal nicknames, and Mr. Adams deserves the best there is going, not more for his astonishing versatility—you will recall that he built the first electric light tower, invented a hundred mile an hour train, founded and edited the ablest socialist magazine that ever lived and died in this country, and was, was he not?—Chicago's first smoke commissioner—but also, and even more, because he has given us three of the most readable and original popular novels published in America during recent years. The books bear these titles: "The Kidnapped Millionaires," "John Burt," and "John Henry Smith,"—and the latest is the best of the lot.

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As this is written it becomes apparent that the robins have decided to take the house in the cedar. By united effort they have just stolen the light cord that loosely bound together the sticks surrounding Helen's small bed of pansies. Mr. Robin grabbed it in his bill and pulled. It stretched a bit but held fast. Mrs. Robin flew down to help him. She seized the string near her lord and master and they pulled together. The string slipped off the top of one stick. Then they took hold near the top of another stick and pulled again. Off came the string, and so on, until they got it loose entirely, and darted up into the cedar together, gabbling frantically—probably disputing over the best use to make of it in the nest. I don't see why they need go to any trouble over the nest. It seems to me to be in perfect order, barring a few fragments of egg shells left there by the murderous cat, or crow, or snake, or whatever it was that robbed the first pair's home two weeks ago. Still, I suppose that Mrs. Robin, like the females of other species, has her own ideas about interior decoration, and won't be satisfied until she has made an attempt to gratify them.

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Meantime, I've been reading "John Henry Smith" and chuckling over it with a somewhat limited understanding of the golfology that liberally sprinkles its pages, but with a large and hearty appreciation of the human nature limned therein. Mr. Adams, it appears, has since he came East become not only a golfer but a golf philosopher. Witness these remarks:



Woodvale is very exclusive. The membership is limited, and hundreds of the best people in the city are on the waiting list. I live here during the golfing season, and one is unfortunate if he cannot play nine months in the year in Woodvale. In the Winter it is safer to go to Florida or California, and I purpose to do so rather than risk a repetition of last season's heavy snows, which made golf impossible for days at a time.

One saves a vast amount of time by living in such a club house as that of Woodvale. The hours expended by golfers in traveling between their places of business and the links will foot up to an enormous total each year. I remain here and save all that time. Not that I neglect my business; far from it. Once a week my private secretary comes to the club house from my office in the city. He brings with him letters and other matters which imperatively demand my personal attention, and I sternly abandon all else for the time being.

On the days when he is here I play twenty-four holes instead of the usual thirty-six or more, but I find the change diverting rather than otherwise. Without claiming special merit for an original discovery, I believe I have struck what may be termed the happy medium between work and relaxation.

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And this, which is John Henry Smith's reply to a novice who disparages golf in comparing it with billiards as a game of skill:

You play billiards on a table which is not more than five feet by ten, and you play golf on a table which may cover 200 acres of hills, woods, marshes, ponds, brooks and meadows. You play billiards in a room which is always at about the same temperature, and where there is not a breath of air stirring. You play golf out of doors, where it may be 100 in the shade or far below freezing; under conditions of perfect calm, or with winds ranging all the way from a zephyr to gales from every point of the compass.

Your billiard table is always the same. It consists of the cloth and the four cushions, and they are smooth as art can make them. Your golf course is never the same on any two days, and would not be if you played through all eternity. Sometimes the grass in a certain place is long, and sometimes it is short; sometimes the ground is hard from lack of rain, and again it is soft and spongy from an excess of rain. There are millions of variations in these conditions, and every one of them must be considered in making a perfect shot.

There are days when the air is light, and when a certain stroke will send the ball where you wish it to go. There are other days when the air is heavy, and when a hit ball seems to have no life in it. You must allow for the force and direction of every slant of wind. There are conditions of atmosphere when objects seem near, and others when they seem far away, and you must take this into account.

On a billiard table your ball is always within easy reach. You stand on a level floor and play on a level table. In golf your ball never lands in the same place twice. It may be above you or below you. It may lie in any one of ten million separate conformations of ground, and for each you must exercise judgment. Your clubs change in weight as you clean them; no two golf balls have the same amount of elasticity when new, and as you use them it decreases. But more than all else, you are not the same man physically or mentally on any two days. A slight increase in weight, the wearing of an extra garment, the congestion of a muscle or the stiffening

of a cord may be sufficient to throw you off your stroke and seriously impair your game.

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The novice declared his belief that when he once found out how to make a certain shot he would keep right on improving until he had it perfect, but John Henry, the golf philosopher, retorted:

"If that were possible, golf would lose its charm. A man will go on making a certain shot with almost perfect accuracy for months, and all at once lose the knack of it, and not be able to recover it for months, and perhaps never. In order to hit a golf ball accurately, there are scores of muscles which must act in perfect accord, and the several parts of the body must maintain certain positions during the various parts of the stroke. If the shoulder drops the quarter of an inch, if the heel rises too soon by the minutest fraction of a second, if either hand grasping the club turns in any degree, the stroke is ruined. You will hit the ball but it will not go the distance or the direction required.

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Opie Read, Stanley Waterloo and Ernest McGaffey are rated first class rifle shots, and the first two named once took part in a remarkable match at Hot Springs, in which both were victorious—according to which one tells you the story. Peter "Dooley" Dunne holds the long distance dining record of the world jointly with Dr. Reilly. John McGovern is prouder of his whist trophies than of his magnificent library. And so through the list of Chicago's distinguished writers—each has a streak of boy in him that keeps him young and imparts to his writings a gayety, either wholly happy or sardonic, which is not a characteristic of most eastern writers. It is enough to make almost any man sad to contemplate some things that make up a large part of life in any big eastern community. Mr. Adams' new novel proves anew that in moving East he has not ceased to be a Chicagoan, wherefore, if Colonel Read and Major Waterloo and the other gentlemen will make room for him, I beg leave to assign Mr. Adams to that group which they have so long and so easily dominated—the group of the Chicago novelists of national reputation. So far as I know, Mr. Adams owns the only whiskers in the group, and these alone should entitle him to a respectful hearing in any western assembly.

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**A** GOOD many men have set up lightning rods to catch the presidential flashes in 1908. Vice President Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon, Governor-Senator La-follette, Governor Folk, Governor Deneen, Secretary Taft — perhaps; Mr. Bryan—of course; Mr. Hearst, Mayor Dunne of Chicago and Senator Foraker are all either active or receptive candidates. But the men who will be nominated have not yet been named in print. The Democrats will nominate that peerless scrapper, Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, and the Republicans will be compelled by the logic of events to nominate his great enemy, Henry H. Rogers. These men better than any others represent the opposing sides in the only real issue that is before the people of the United States. That issue is: SHALL THE TRUSTS OWN THE PEOPLE, or SHALL THE PEOPLE OWN THE TRUSTS?